

Sports Illustrated

MARCH 15, 1965

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Next week

A SKI INVASION by French and Austrian national teams brings to Vail, Colo. the year's biggest Alpine meet—an exciting test of America's racing progress. Dan Jenkins reports.

SEBRING stands for the best in international sports car racing. Looking ahead to this year's event, Arnet Allan Mardon portrays the place, the cars and the people in vivid color.

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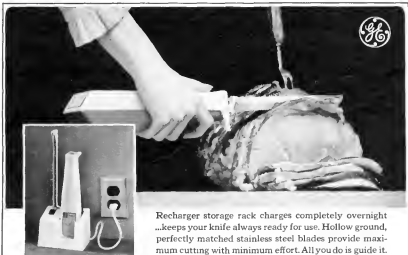
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SCORECARD

THUNDER DOWN UNDER

The bright and long career of 27-year-old Dawn Fraser, Australia's durable swimming champion, has come to a bitter end. Through three Olympic Games, Miss Fraser boldly and gaily dominated a sport that commonly verges on asceticism. But in the process of winning four Olympic gold medals and setting world records in four different events, Miss Fraser managed to remain a lively individual. She loafed when she felt loafing was what she needed and she drank a beer when she was thirsty. She occasionally kicked over the traces and she sometimes told off officials. She provoked laughter in a sport that in recent years has forgotten how to laugh.

Suddenly, last week, the Australian Swimming Union, notoriously prim, banished Miss Fraser from amateur competition for 10 years. The ASU refused to give its reasons for banishment, but the fact is that she had written a book about her career and scandalous goings-on at various Olympic Games. Its title, *Below the Surface: The Confessions of an Olympic Champion*, is justified by the contents. Although the Australian officials have not made a point of it, it is known that at Tokyo Miss Fraser refused to wear the regulation swimsuit on the ground that it did not fit. It is also known that, at the end of the Games, she snatched a flag from a plaza near the Imperial Palace, offending the polite Japanese more than they admitted publicly.

The Union would perhaps be justified in not wanting Miss Fraser to swim on the Australian national team, but to deprive her of the right to compete as an amateur ever again, anywhere, is unjust. Without submitting a jot of evidence to prove that Miss Fraser is a professional, the Australian Union has decreed that she is no longer an amateur.

HOW NOW, DRY FLY?

The fly-fishing genre of Britain have been stricken in recent weeks by the discovery that poultrymen no longer are co-operating in the production of mature roosters, from whose necks come the

hackles essential for the making of dry flies. It seems that the cocks are being slaughtered for market before they are old enough to grow hackles stiff enough to float the fly and, almost as important, of the proper dun color to attract trout. Gloomily, Peter Deane of Eastbourne, Sussex, a professional trout and salmon fly dresser, has reported to the magazine *Cree* that "unless something is done at once, dry-fly fishing will come to a halt."

The ugly situation is not confined to Britain. Harry Darbee of Roscoe, N.Y., himself a flytier of renown, confirms that the U.S. chicken farmer "butchers his chickens as soon as economically feasible, and usually long before their neck hackles are good enough for tying flies."

"Flytiers used to buy quality necks from the Far East," says Darbee, "but that trade source is shut off now. The only way is for the flytier to raise his own chickens but it will cost easily \$10 to feed a rooster for two seasons—and then you may not get the right color hackles. A top-quality rooster neck, in blue, rust and honey dun colors, is worth \$25."

"Of course," he added, "we are far more particular than the trout are. You can catch trout on dyed hackles, but that wouldn't be half as much fun."

Which is the heart of the matter.

THERE'S GOLD IN THAT VALLEY

When one considers that last year's Professional Golfers' Association Championship grossed \$521,300, Ed Carter, promoter for this year's event, seems vastly optimistic in his estimate that it will gross \$1 million. It is not just an estimate, either. More like a flat statement.

"We're going to do \$400,000 in admissions, \$300,000 in program advertising, \$182,000 in television rights and \$118,000 in concessions," Carter says. "Add it up and it totals a million dollars." It does, to the ultimate zero.

The championship will be played August 12-15 at Laurel Valley Country Club in Ligonier, Pa., which caters mostly to top businessmen from the Pittsburgh area. It is a snug layout, but Carter is

developing extra facilities to handle the expected crush of gallery, players and press. Among the new facilities are two plush pavilions, and it is on these that Carter's confidence in a \$400,000 gate is based. One pavilion he describes as "our superprivilege area." Tickets to it go for \$600 each, and Carter already has sold 200 of them without special effort. That comes to \$120,000. Admission to the other costs \$30, and 8,000 tickets have been sold for it. It multiplies out to \$240,000. Thus, Carter already has sold \$360,000 of that \$400,000.

Laurel Valley is a base for Arnold Palmer, golf's greatest money maker, who is the touring pro there. Laurel Valley is used to thinking big.

WHISPERING WHITE NOPE

The night that Oscar Bonavena, the Argentine heavyweight, was so soundly trounced by Zora Folley was a night of disaster for I.T.&T., which is not to be confused with International Telephone and Telegraph. In this improbable instance, I.T.&T. stands for International Talent and Training Co., a quasi-serious effort on the part of some chaps around Broadway and boxing to find, finance and develop in the arts and sports gentle-



men and ladies of talent. Bonavena was the group's first venture, and it dreamed of being behind him right up to the heavyweight championship. After all, his trainer was Charlie Goldman, who had trained Rocky Marciano.

I.T.&T. was the brainchild of Eddie Jaffe, one of the more imaginative Broadway press agents.

"Our thought," says Jaffe, "was to fill the void left when the Mafia was driven out of boxing. With Frankie Carbo in

continued

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SCORECARD

prison there was nobody a fight manager could go to for financing and advice."

To avoid complications with boxing commissions, I.T.&T. did not function as a manager but rather as a financier and consultant. Its peers defined its purpose as being to help the artist "achieve his greatest potential"; "enable him to avoid emotional conflicts"; "insure his present activities will result in his future well-being."

"Everybody," says Jaffe, "needs people like us. Even psychiatrists."

So far I.T.&T. has been successful to the extent that, on the day of the fight, it found a chap willing to pay \$125 for a share in the enterprise. As for Bonavena, he broke his hand in the second round and is currently laid up for repairs.

"When he's ready," says Jaffe, "we'll ship him off to Europe. He may wind up as the Italian champion."

BREAKTHROUGH

It would appear that the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association, less than enthusiastic about "open" tennis, in which amateur and professional play against each other as they do in golf, can be persuaded. Only last week at the Berkeley (Calif.) Tennis Club the old pro champion, Pancho Gonzalez, and Whitney Reed, once our No. 1 amateur, played a match before an appreciative crowd. Open tennis is not impossible. You just have to know how to work it.

The Berkeley club pro, Dennis Van der Meer, wanted to wind up his six-week instruction series for tennis teachers with such a match. He applied for permission of the USLTA through Don Hobart of Montclair, N.J., chairman of the association's Amateur Rules Committee. Hobart said it would be all right if only USLTA members saw the match.

This proved to be no problem whatsoever for Van der Meer. Pretty girls were stationed at tables at the gate and memberships were issued for \$3 to adults, \$1 to students. The USLTA thus gained 240 new members.

The 36-year-old Gonzalez, just back from an Australian tour, defeated Reed 6-2, 6-3.

No one was hurt.

NOSTALGIC KICK

Most football fans under the age of 50 never have seen a dropkick, a pretty play that went out when the ball was slimmer to make passing easier. For a little while



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SCORECARD

last week it looked as if the dropkick might come back.

Last fall Colin Ridgway, an Australian who high-jumps for Lamar Tech and played football under Aussie rules (running and kicking but no throwing), put on a kicking demonstration for the Houston Oilers.

"I haven't seen punting like that in all my years in football," said Bones Taylor, Oiler coach. "Standing on the 40-yard line, and aiming at the goal 60 yards away, he angled nine of 10 punts out of bounds inside the 10-yard line. When he punted for distance he consistently kicked 60 yards in the air."

That was on wet grounds, which prevented effective drop-kicking, but later, on a dry day, Ridgway showed Taylor what he could do to score three points.

"He stood at the 40-yard line and aimed at the college goal posts 50 yards away," Taylor said. "He drop-kicked five from that distance without a miss."

The Oilers were looking forward to trying out Ridgway in exhibition games when the Dallas Cowboys heard of him. They invited him to Dallas for a demonstration, popped their eyeballs, and signed him.

Will the Cowboys permit Ridgway to drop-kick? Naturally not. They will teach him to place-kick.

FLEXIBLE FLYERS

It has been a long time since the world land speed record was held by a vehicle that reasonably resembled an automobile, and that would include the 1935 Bluebird with its futuristic stabilizer. But at least Bluebird functioned like an automobile, with four wheels and one engine, and in it Sir Malcolm Campbell did 301 mph at Bonneville, Utah. Since then the record has been set not so much by automobiles as by aerodynamic missiles. Captain George E. T. Eyston needed a seven-ton eight-wheeler with two Rolls-Royce engines to average 357 mph in 1938. Mackey Thompson tried four supercharged Pontiac engines in 1960 and did 406 mph one way.

Then the trend turned clear away from engines turning wheels. Ignoring the rules, Craig Breedlove bypassed the inhibiting drag and friction of the differential with a pure-thrust rocket engine. He built an aluminum sheath around it, balanced it on three wheels to get rolling and set a tricycle record of 407 mph in 1963. Surplus fighter engines delivering

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Mike Souchak, a big hitter with a deft touch on the short irons, demands perfect control of power tools he uses, too. That's why he's sold on his new Skil Model 501 $\frac{1}{4}$ " Trigger Speed Control Drill. Trigger Speed Control lets him squeeze the speed he needs, 0 to 2000 rpm. It's as simple as varying the pressure of his trigger finger. The 501 is a precision driver, too. Just replace the drill bit with a driver bit. Only \$29.95 at better lumber and hardware dealers. Also available in $\frac{1}{2}$ " and $\frac{3}{4}$ " models. Skil Corporation, 5033 Elston, Chicago 60630.



Go with the pick of the pros...

SKIL
POWER TOOLS

Precise speed control helps Mike take a tiny bit of weight out of club head.

SCORECARD *by Christopher*

some 17,000 pounds of thrust arrived at Bonneville with housings that had sprouted embryowings, fins, rudders and flaps. They were less automobiles than low-flying aircraft. Started by an auxiliary motor, they were aimed down the track and pushed off to fly through the mile trap. They were braked by a parachute and a prayer.

With such power potential even a garbage truck could fly, so thrifty Art Arfons eliminated expensive streamlining, wrapped his J-79 jet in scrap metal, painted it green, and with this cheapie and certainly ugliest of land speed vehicles became the fastest man on earth, at 516 mph.

Perplexed officials finally relaxed the rules and recognized pure-thrust vehicles. These have set all but one of the past seven records. As of now the world land speed record can be held by anything on the ground that has four wheels under it and a human on board, making 1965 open season at Bonneville.

Breedlove will go back to the flats with a fourth wheel. Mackey Thompson is working on a solid-fuel rocket. "Dizzy," Addicot, British test pilot, has a Rolls-Royce Avon jet engine still in his fighter fuselage. By simply trimming the wings he will have a ready-made speed contender that has already been tested through the sound barrier.

But, oddly, the strangest car at Bonneville will be powered by automobile engines, as in the good old days. It has four standard wheels turned on their axles by four Chrysler stock car engines. With only one engine running, it has gone 350 mph. With four engines, who knows? A reverse trend—back to Detroit—may set in.

THEY SAID IT

- Rip Collins, on his former teammate, the late Pepper Martin, with the St. Louis Cardinals Gas House Gang: "After he was switched from the outfield to third base, he hated for fellows to hunt to him. He was the only ballplayer I ever knew who threw at the runner instead of the base."
- The London *Economist*, on pro football's influence on the college game: "Amateur standing in American football is like virginity—highly prized but difficult to ascertain."
- Casey Stengel, on his rookie outfielder Danny Napoleon: "He'll be O.K. if he keeps his hand out of his shirt." **END**

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**Sports
Illustrated**

MARCH 16, 1985

A STONE'S THROW TO A

BOB PETERSON



PLAYDOWN



A young Wisconsin rink beat old, canny Illinois last week in the U.S. curling championships and now goes after the world title **by BARBARA LA FONTAINE**

The U.S. men's curling championships have never before been held on the West Coast, and when they began last week the city of Seattle played up to the playdown—curler's term for their finals—with sunny, springy days that brought residents out blinking like owls in the sudden brilliance. "A drought," said one. "It hasn't rained in four days." They looked affectionately at the Cascades and the Olympics, their mountains which the mists disclose once or twice a year, and then the curlers among them turned their backs on these newly visible wonders to retire into the Granite Curling Club for a rigorous six days of competition to determine the ninth winner of the Marshall Field Cup and the rink (the four-man curling team) to represent the U.S. in the six-nation world championships next week in Scotland.

A Boeing engineer, Al Sundquist, calculated that the 48 men of the 12 assembled champion rinks each heaved about four and a half tons of granite down the ice, the sweepers swept some 14.2 miles apiece and each man was on the ice for at least six hours a day. Viewing the gentle sport of curling in this rather new light, it is no wonder that youth proved to tell. It is the Wisconsin rink, an infant team with an average age of 25, that will leave for the Scotch Cup matches in Perth.

This may be a little damaging to the idea of the curler as a middle-aged storehouse of canny stratagems and mystic ability to read the ice, but as a member of the Granite Club says philosophically, "It's like any other sport. Experience helps, but you can't beat the young ones." Evidently not, if they are Skip (team captain) Bud Somerville, Bill Serum, Al Gagne and Thomas Wright, and if you are going to put your contenders through round-robin, rather than elimination, play with 11 other teams for six days. It is a process that separates the boys from the men.

The playdown began last Monday, with ceremony and bagpipes and *The Star-Spangled Banner*. "Our national anthem," came the usual announcement and, "Oh Canada?" the whispered question. Irreverent, possibly, but pertinent. An estimated 75% of the contending U.S. curlers were Canadian-born. Curling is Canada's No. 1 sport. Contrary to popular belief, more boys curl there than play hockey, and there are about 500,000 Canadian curlers. In the U.S. only 20,000 people curl, but the number is increasing.

By Tuesday night in Seattle the rinks seemed to be sorting themselves out briskly. After 24 matches four rinks were undefeated, three were without a win and five had divided up the victories in a more equitable fashion. As expected, the eastern rinks were making a good-natured but not intimidating show of it, with Nebraska and, not expectedly,

—mike welf

Bill Sporn, vice-skip of Wisconsin, balances on his broom as he lines up his 42-pound stone for ponderous thrust down the ice

Michigan, for company. Minnesota, Illinois, North Dakota and Wisconsin were undefeated.

Over the next few days the look of things became progressively less tidy, and it finally dawned upon careful followers that, except for Washington and Illinois on Monday, none of the strong teams had been competing against each other. They had been playing the weaker rinks, which accounted for a scoreboard full of unblemished, and wholly blemished, records. When the top teams did get down to business, they traded a few losses that did little to indicate where things were going. Illinois defeated Minnesota, Minnesota defeated Wisconsin and Wisconsin defeated Illinois. If not indicative of much, all of the matches were magnificent.

Minnesota and Illinois were the first of the four undefeated rinks to meet, and they were interestingly matched. Minnesota, despite the presence of a

fairly stolid grownup in the person of 47-year-old Sibley (Mike) Stewart, is a jumpy rink, skipped by a 22-year-old whippet named Bruce Roberts. Young Roberts, of course, is new to skipping a team in national competition, and he did a cagey, unorthodox job of it. He has said that he lives and dies curling, and has proved one or the other by losing 40 pounds this season. This has left him a chain-smoking, blade-faced wraith, and it is little wonder he has trouble settling down. The difficulty does not extend to his curling, however, which is brilliant and steady under pressure; if he were a bullfighter—and he curls with all the style and the passion of a bullfighter—Bruce Roberts would be shaping up as *El Niño Uno*.

The Illinois rink, on the other hand, skipped by Bob Warner, is not a nervous rink. It is steady, cheerful, solid and excellent, with all of its members decently on the far side of 30.

For those unfamiliar with the sport, curling is a combination of shuffleboard, lawn bowls, chess and pool, played on ice, which in the particular cumulative quality of its interest resembles baseball. It is a superficially simple game to describe. You have 138 feet of ice, with 12-foot, 8-foot, 4-foot and one-foot circles marked at each end, and toward these circles you propel heavy granite stones. The object is to have your stone, or stones, nearest the center of the rings, or house, at the end of each inning, logically enough called an end. Curling terminology is, on the whole, logical. The game is called curling because the stones curl, slowly and majestically, as they slide down the ice. An end is the end of both teams' delivery of their eight stones apiece—16 stones to an end. There are 10 ends. Sweeping means sweeping. Bending refers to the arc of the path of the stone from delivery to destination (and bend is surely as forthright a word for it as curve).

The placing of stones closest to a mark and knocking away your opponent's stones are simple enough ideas. The stones themselves and ice as a playing surface give the game its particular physical quality, and the number of stones and the question of who has the advantage of the last one in an end make it strategically demanding. As in chess, there are certain usual opening moves, certain necessary responses and certain daring, unconventional moves which, by contrast with chess, you have to be able to execute physically once you have thought them up.

When you get the hang of curling, it is immensely exciting to see a final stone travel more than 100 feet, curve to a seemingly impossible degree and glide through a 14-inch opening between two enemy stones to change what could be a four-point score for one side to a one-point score for the other. Or to see one stone pick off another, and do it with the sound of a 12-inch granite cue ball hitting a 12-inch granite five ball. The pool analogy is just: a good curler can take out two stones 12 feet apart, playing off the corner of one to the other.

As to the sweeping that is done in front of the stone as it moves down the ice—yes, it does do something. No doubt the custom arose when the game was played outside and falling snow had to be swept from the path of the stone, but indoors on artificial ice sweeping has an-

Wisconsin Skip Bud Somerville, who directs all of his rink's play, shouts orders to his sweepers.



other demonstrable effect. The best curlers insist that real sweeping can make a 15-foot difference in the distance a stone will travel, and a Canadian has wagered \$100, and won, that given three good sweepers he can keep any stone out of the house by sweeping it through or by not sweeping and letting it fall short. The reason usually given is that the friction of hard sweeping of the stone's path melts a skin of ice and the stone then glides on a wet surface. There are those who claim that it creates a vacuum, which sounds somewhat more mystical.

In any case, ludicrous as it may appear to see grown men flailing the ice fiercely with brooms, sweeping is difficult. It takes muscle—suppose your life depended on brushing up chewing gum stuck to a porous cement floor?—and timing, and a very peculiar, unnatural manner of locomotion on a sheet of ice. With an awareness of this, the bull-throated roar of, "Sweep, you dogs, sweep!" and the violent slap-slap of the brooms do not produce chuckles so much as visions of slaves in galleys.

It was in this unfriendly atmosphere that Illinois met Minnesota. Illinois won the toss and blanked the first end (no score in the equivalent of a first inning), and from then on the two teams inched point by point to an extra end 1-0, 1-1, 2-1, 2-2, on to a 5-5 tie in the 10th. The score indicates an excruciating progression for curling, where 160 stones are played in a match and the scoring possibilities are numerous. To keep the score so low requires virtually errorless play by both sides, technically and tactically. It is nerve-racking, being flawless, which may account for a mishap at the end of the ninth. Illinois had Minnesota down 5-4, and Illinois Skip Bob Warner delivered his last rock of the end, a rock that might well have decided the match. His second, Don Wilson, ran into it. The stone was fouled and removed from play, for probably the most painful single moment of the entire play-down, Wilson went off and appeared briefly to be trying to disappear through a blank wall. Failing this, he returned to the ice and the teams went into the 10th with Minnesota still down one.

At the end of the 10th, with a considerable buildup of stones in the scoring area, Minnesota's Roberts tried with his next-to-last stone for an exceedingly difficult double, hefting his 42 pounds of granite in the highest backswing in Ameri-



Sweeping ahead of moving stone: Wisconsin's Gagne and Wright eye spot where it should stop.

can curling and delivering the heaviest rock of the competition—what the Scots used to designate "a thunderin' cast." It failed to remove both the opposing stones Roberts wanted, but it did blast out Illinois' shot rock (the stone nearest the center, which would count as a score) and was a beautiful thing though it failed of the particular miracle Roberts had in mind. Skip Warner drew his last stone in close to the center of the house, and Roberts had to play for the tie. He went for the shot rock, removed it and stayed, to tie the score 5-5.

Since his was the last point, on the extra end it would be Illinois' last rock; the scorer in one end begins the next—and Minnesota began building up the house. By the last four rocks they had succeeded in putting and keeping three rocks in. With the 14th, Illinois' next-to-last stone, Skip Warner hit two of Minnesota's stones but knocked one of his own out of contention, leaving Minnesota lying one and two—two Minnesota stones in scoring position. Roberts put his last rock in front of these, creating a seemingly impassable guard, and Warner threw the last stone of the match. It came down the ice at the dignified speed of a curling stone properly delivered, it

bent; it moved between the Minnesota stones to come to rest, after 110 feet, an inch closer to the center than the Minnesota stone. The match had lasted three and a half hours and was decided by the last of 176 rocks and a margin of an inch. It was the best match of the championships, Minnesota felt terrible.

After the battle of the Titans, in a battle of the non-Titans Nebraska broke a 5-0 string of losses to defeat Michigan by a heartwarming (to Nebraska) score of 10-5. "You can't lose 'em all," observed Sid Olsen later, vice-skip of the triumphant rink, fortunately out of earshot of New Jersey and Massachusetts, who had reason to disbelieve him. (New Jersey finally did beat someone, it turned out to be Nebraska.) By Saturday afternoon it was clear that the last matches were not going to produce a winner. North Dakota, Illinois and Wisconsin were still tied up, the first two to play each other and Wisconsin to meet Washington. Washington, while not a negligible quantity, was still not the team to put your money on in a match with Wisconsin, which meant that Wisconsin would have to meet either North Dakota or Illinois in a playoff match. The winner was Illinois. North Dakota unexpectedly

continued on page 65

OPEN SEASON ON THE WOLVERINE

College basketball's title tournament begins with everyone convinced that the winner will have to beat Michigan at some point. The team with the best chance bears a close resemblance to previous champions **by FRANK DEFORD**

There are 23 teams in the NCAA tournament, all of them listed neatly in the little boxes on the chart on the opposite page. To paraphrase an old line, you could say, "Twenty-two skid-doo!" and accurately reflect the overwhelming opinion of the public and the polls, which have established a field of teams and a team to beat. The team to beat is Michigan.

Michigan has not lost since January 2, when it was upset 75-74 by St. John's in Madison Square Garden, although many of its victories since then have appeared to be hairbreadth escapes from defeat. Close or not, they were victories, and against strong opposition. The Wolverines have earned the role of favorite.

If beating Michigan is a requisite for winning the title, seven of the 22 teams in the field have the personnel and the playing style to become champion: St. Joseph's, Miami of Ohio, Notre Dame, Oklahoma State, Brigham Young, San Francisco and UCLA. Most compare favorably—as does Michigan—with the picture of the composite NCAA titleholder that emerges from a study of the tournaments since 1951, when the field was expanded from eight to 16 teams and became essentially the kind of competition it is today. Here is that ideal team:

THE TEAM has seniors on it but is not dominated by them. It has, in fact, nearly as many sophomores as seniors, and more juniors than either.

THE TEAM has a good bench, but not a deep one. Seldom does an NCAA champ depend on more than seven regulars. It is marked by superior teamwork and is well-balanced, but it is led by an All-America, most often at center. He plays his best in the tournament, but he

is not a superstar, nor is he one of the nation's highest scorers. He is an All-America in large measure because his talents fit so well with those of the other players on his team, rather than because he overshadows them. The collegiate superstars, contrarily, usually have carried their teams to a level just short of the championship. Only Bill Russell, of those acknowledged to be superstars in the pros, led his team to a title. The others—Petit, Chamberlain, Baylor, Robertson and West—lost in the finals or semifinals, while such players as Schlundt, Rosenbluth, Hayton, Imhoff and Harkness led their teams to victory.

(Coincidentally, it has been true since 1954 that the team among the NCAA's final four that boasts the highest individual scorer does not win. This could jinx Michigan, for Cazzie Russell is the ninth highest scorer in the country, and only one of the other eight has steered his team into the tournament—Bill Bradley of Princeton, who is No. 3. Presumably, the only thing that can save Michigan is for Princeton also to go to the finals in Portland.)

THE TEAM, if not staffed by highly experienced players, is led by a coach with many years of college competition behind him. Ohio State's Fred Taylor and Cincinnati's Ed Jucker brought home winners early in their careers, but they are the exceptions. THE TEAM's coach has masterminded at least 250 games and won two-thirds of them.

THE TEAM is among the nation's leaders in either offense or defense. It does not seem to matter which, only that it be superior in one of the extremes of playing styles. It is, however, better at rebounding than shooting, whether it specializes in offense or defense.

THE TEAM is no surprise. It has been ranked prominently by the wire-service polls—almost always in the top three, and nearly half the time as No. 1.

THE TEAM supports the theory that a champion is a good road club, but only because it wins everywhere. It does not lose more than three games during the season, and it almost never loses at home. (In 166 games over 14 years, the champion has lost twice at home.) Perhaps even more important, it has almost as much success on neutral courts, where NCAA tournament games are played.

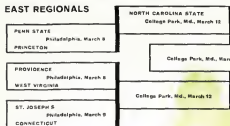
THE TEAM wins a holiday tournament at Christmas. It is in a conference and wins that race rather easily, without a pressure-picked struggle. ("My team's pretty courageous," says Michigan Coach Dave Strack. "It didn't win all the close ones, but most of them. That's the mark of a good team. It's an old adage but true." It is an old adage, but it does not apply to NCAA champions, who seldom get involved in close games on the way to the tournament. Michigan, on the other hand, has played in seven games that were decided by three points or less. Its only two losses were by one point, and the Wolverines won a bunch of tight ones.)

THE TEAM has the killer instinct, preferring to kick hell out of a rival when it gets a few points ahead rather than merely win. It outscores opponents by an average of at least 12 points a game, and is not the least bit ashamed to win a couple by 30 or 40.

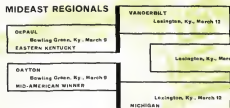
These are the qualities that have turned up most often in the 14 champions, and only one—Kentucky's Fiddling Five of 1956—had less than half of them. By these standards, which admittedly do not include such occasion-

NCAA Championship Pairings

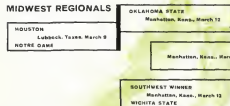
EAST REGIONALS



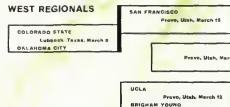
MIDEAST REGIONALS



MIDWEST REGIONALS



WEST REGIONALS



SEMIFINALS

Portland, Ore., March 16

FINALS

Portland, Ore., March 20

ally decisive happenstances as uncommonly hot-shooting nights and common colds, this year's St. Joseph's team stands out impressively. The Hawks lack seniors (but Indiana won in 1954 without any). Also Cliff Anderson does not have the stature of the past top centers on championship teams. A 6-foot-4 sophomore, he leads the team's balanced scoring, is ninth in the country in rebounds and has almost as much potential as Matt Guokas, the 6-foot-5 sophomore guard who is starting to make All-America teams. Otherwise St. Joe matches the composite champion in every way, from coach (Dr. Jack Ramsey, 209-65) to record (25-1, no losses at home or on neutral courts) to average margin of victory (17.6). It ranks third in both major polls, is 12th nationally in offense, was undefeated in its conference and won the Quaker City Christmas tournament.

Matching Michigan on form, however, may be easier than on the court. The Wolverines were always the heaviest and strongest team around, and now Coach Strack occasionally sends in 6-foot-10 sophomore sub Craig Dill and shifts 6-foot-8 Bill Buntin to the corner. George Pomey (6 feet 4 and 195 pounds) has been starting for the past two months in place of 6-foot 165-pound John Thompson, adding even more size to the

regular lineup. Still, Pomey is the shrimp on this team. Michigan used seven men last Saturday in a close game with Minnesota, and every one but Pomey outweighed the heavyweight boxing champion of the world.

Pomey's size is only an incidental benefit. The important thing about his move onto the first team is that he has made the Michigan half-court zone press work. Pomey is the point man on the press; on offense he is taking over the playmaking duties—which frees Cazzie Russell and lets him crash diagonally through the lane to a corner and back out to set up a low post. "George complements Cazzie, and he runs the offense," Strack says. "He sees things. He's always had a good knack for getting the ball into the low post when he played in the corner. That was one reason I didn't want to move him from a forward."

Pomey has added spark to a team that, even with a player of Russell's drive and talent, tended to relax and get overconfident. "We seem to be slow starters against teams we feel we can beat easily," Strack says. Six times Michigan has had to come back from half-time deficits to win, but this problem may now be solved.

Even with Pomey, Michigan's zone may not be as effective a weapon as it

would have been a year ago. The press is being used so much this season that most teams are prepared—at least mentally—for it, and its value as a surprise move has diminished considerably. UCLA, which made the press so fashionable last year, is itself a bit more vulnerable now. Sophomore Edgar Lacey has yet to learn all the nuances of this gambit, and he and safety man Keith Erickson may have too much backcourt territory to cover. Last year the team's center helped out there, but this year the center moves up and guards the man making the inbound pass, leaving only two men back.

Fast-breaking Brigham Young, which knows how to get the ball in and up and has good guards, has an excellent chance to end UCLA's title defense Friday night. The game is on BYU's home court at Provo, Utah, and the Bruins, quick as they are, will have to be at their very best to stay alive. BYU may well get knocked off the next night by San Francisco. Nobody—including the players themselves—knows how good USF is. The Dons went through an easy schedule in desultory fashion, but they handle the boards well and take good shots, and if Ollie Johnson and Joe Ellis get help, San Francisco may control the tempo of the game and steal the regional.

This would be a prize with a bonus, because whoever wins in the Far West should have a clear road to the final game in Portland next Saturday. The Midwest teams are below par. Hank Iba kept the Olympic title for the U.S. and won the Big Eight for himself for the first time, but sentiment and James King are about all Oklahoma State can offer. King, says Iba, is the best defensive player in the country, but the Cowboys are too skinny and do not shoot as well as a ball-control team should. They could beat Wichita State, if it came to that, but Notre Dame, with its personality problems straightened out, is a dark horse on a hot streak riding out of the eastern time zone into the Midwest Regional this year.

Michigan's toughest battle in the Midwest Regional should be against Miami, if the Redskins can get that far. Center Charley Dinkins has recovered from pneumonia—which will give Miami some rebounds—but the Redskins still cannot match Michigan on the boards and need even better shooting than they have shown. Vanderbilt does not figure



Now a starter, Michigan's George Pomey vastly improves the team's once erratic defense.

THE BEST AND LITTEST BRUIN

"Bruins" is in star-gold letters across his chest, the number "25" is on the front and back of his uniform, and the look of southern California vivifies his face. His eyes twinkle. His teeth show bright whenever he breaks into a smile. He wears his basketball drawers slung a little low, over legs that are slightly bowed. He really has brown hair, but people think of it as blond. They remember it as blond because all these kids in southern California are blond and this one is the embodiment of southern California. Maybe his hair is darker because of the smog.

This is Gail Goodrich of North Hollywood, the All-America, the high scorer of the champion UCLA team—and he does not look the part. As a matter of fact, what he looks like is the kid in the war movie who thinks maybe he will be shaving soon, though everybody else knows he will get killed in the next-to-last reel.

At 6 feet 1, Goodrich is also a bit short for All-America casting, and some people say he is All-America simply because he is the best-known player and the highest scorer (23.3) on the team that is defending champion and very possibly will win again. It is more likely that UCLA is what it is because of Goodrich's talent. He plays a lot taller than he is.

Goodrich, a left-hander, is UCLA's only outstanding shooter. Kenny Washington, the top sub, can be a phenomenal shot, but he is erratic. Goodrich is hitting as a 54½ percent, which is almost 10 percentage points better than anyone else on the squad. Other members of the team could slump for a night and UCLA would still win, but if Goodrich were off target UCLA would certainly be beaten. He is not, however, the typical small gunner type. Indeed, most of his points come from inside. Goodrich moves in under the

basket almost every time after he has brought the ball upcourt. He moves a lot, with the outstanding and rare ability to work well without the ball. Underneath, he bounces on the balls of his feet, ready to cut out for a pass or maneuver for a rebound, though it looks as if he is just doing all that jumping up and down to see over the heads of the bigger people all around him.

Despite his limited height, Goodrich has a real instinct for the rebound. He seems to anticipate the fluke bounces and be in the right spot to scoop up balls and toss them in for those "garbage" baskets. He also has quick hands, and many of his rebounds are actually balls he has swiped from bigger opponents, after they have brought the ball down to Goodrich's level.

Goodrich grew late. He was 5 feet 4 and 99 pounds as a high school sophomore; by the time he led L.A. Poly to the Los Angeles city championship as a senior, he had shot up to 5 feet 9 and 135. UCLA Coach John Wooden had been the only coach interested in Goodrich, so when Southern Cal entered the recruiting lists late it did not have a chance, even though Gail's father had been a star guard at USC.

Goodrich led the UCLA frosh to a 20-0 record, but as a sophomore he was moody and depressed, chiefly because Wooden used him as a 6-foot forward, a position he did not enjoy. He admits now, however, that the experience he had as a forward helps him greatly when he takes the man guarding him inside. With All-America Walt Hazzard on the team last year, Goodrich's skill as a ball handler was almost overlooked. This year it is plentifully evident. He dribbles the ball so low that it looks as if he is rolling it along. Goodrich's jumper adds an inch



Goodrich drives in for a left-handed layup.

or two to his height. He gets his hands very high over his head before he releases the ball. At UCLA, defense is a team affair, and none of the players—even Goodrich—is particularly outstanding in this department once the team's tough zone press breaks down.

Gail Goodrich is a dedicated and complete college player, and he is a winner. The kid who looks like the all-American boy is a true All-America athlete. You would almost swear that he also is a blond.

to offer too much trouble. Southeastern Conference teams made some of the other Commodores look like better players by ganging up on Center Clyde Lee, but Michigan would not have to resort to that. Each Wolverine is a one-man gang.

There are more good teams in the East, and St. Joe's will need luck. It is lucky at the start, playing Connecticut at the Palestra. To win after that, the Hawks must get by Providence, which gave them their only defeat, and probably North Carolina State. But Bill Bradley will be floating on adrenaline, and if Princeton's

sophomores continue to support him as they have done recently, it is just possible that the Tigers will beat Penn State, N.C. State and, finally, St. Joe's.

Nobody has yet found a better way of beating Michigan than just by giving the ball to Bradley—as demonstrated in New York's Holiday Festival. Coaches who do not have Bradley on their teams are in sharp disagreement, naturally. Some swear the only way to play Michigan is with a control game. Others say just as adamantly that that is impossible—that the Wolverines must be ran

with and fought with on the boards. Obviously, Michigan has too much talent for anybody to come up with a magic catch-all formula. "Teams that try to change what they have done best haven't done well against us," Strack says. "Those are gimmicks, and I don't believe in gimmicks. The thing is just for a team to do the things it does best, but do them a little better against us."

That appears to be the hard, simple truth. It is no easy job, but St. Joe's can derive confidence from the fact that it has some history on its side. **END**

NO PLACE TO WEAR HIS CROWN

Ernie Terrell won the WBA version of the heavyweight championship by beating Eddie Machen—and proved that he is no threat to Cassius Clay, Sonny Liston or Floyd Patterson. Given a right hand, though . . . **by TEX MAULE**

In the scuffle between Ernie Terrell and Eddie Machen in Chicago last week proved anything, it was that, after Cassius Clay and Sonny Liston, boxing's heavyweights are lightweights. Terrell was embarrassingly inept and the fight often ludicrous. When it ended Ernie was solemnly proclaimed the heavyweight champion of the world—a world, unfortunately for his pocketbook, that does not include Clay or Liston. Since his manager, Biggie Isaacson, has ruled out Floyd Patterson as a contender, this leaves Terrell with an empty title—champion of the World Boxing Association—and a world of leisure time.

Off his conquest of Machen, Terrell

does not appear to be either a formidable or a desirable foe for Clay. The heavyweight picture remains much the same as before: Clay's only worthwhile opposition is Liston, followed by Floyd Patterson should Cassius beat Sonny again in Boston on May 25.

The trouble with Terrell is that he is a year or two away from being anything like a competent fighter. But if he works with Joe Louis on developing his right into a weapon as effective as his left, he could be dangerous. Against Machen the lack of an effective right hand was painfully apparent, even though Terrell threw the right more often than he has in the past. But once Machen sneaked in under

that long, long left hand, Terrell's only tactic was to fold himself over the smaller man, wrapping him in what looked and doubtless felt like yards and yards of arms. Since Machen tried to avoid the long left by bobbing and crouching, the fight was carried on in an area somewhere between Terrell's knees and his waistband. Machen could not reach high enough to punch effectively, and Terrell could not stoop low enough. When it was over Joe Louis, who had sat in Terrell's corner, summed it up neatly.

"It was a lousy fight," Joe said in Terrell's dressing room. "He didn't fight good. But the other man didn't let him make a good fight. Seem like he didn't want to make a good fight."

Actually, Machen looked much better than he did last year against Floyd Patterson in Stockholm. He is a far more polished fighter than Terrell; he may be the best pure hover in the division.

"I wanted to be aggressive," he said after the fight.

"He was robbed," said his wife, standing behind him. "It's that simple."

"I thought I won pretty big," Eddie said. "He didn't hit me five times with that jab all night. He's got a good punch there, but it wasn't a factor in this fight."

At times during the fight Machen looked like a man facing several batters in a pepper game. Terrell's left jab is a long, straight and hard punch, and he uses it with pistonlike speed. Machen's defense against it was to keep both gloves in front of his face and catch Terrell's jab in one or the other. It worked well as a protective device but, with both hands engaged in fielding jabs, Machen had little time for punching.

"He's a hard guy to fight," Eddie said. "He's awful tough to get inside on because he's all arms when you get in close. And he's strong."

Machen bent over to pull on tight charcoal trousers.

Frustrated Machen peers under glove at Terrell, whose left was offense and defense enough.



"He's as hard to fight as any of them," he said softly. "And I've seen a lot of them."

He shrugged into his coat and prepared to leave. As he went he said, to himself, "Just keep right in there winging, Eddie. One of these days . . ."

Terrell, with a mouse under his left eye, looked more battered than the loser.

"I tried to fight, and he wouldn't fight," Terrell said to the small group of writers surrounding him. He gingerly touched the swelling under his eye.

"This he didn't do with no punch," he said. "He laced me. And he kept sticking that thumb in my eye, too. You can see what it did to me. They was times out there I could see three Maches. I had to try to pick the right one and hit him."

He seemed somber for a newly crowned heavyweight champion, but in answer to a question he said he certainly considered himself the champion of the world.

"As far as I'm concerned," he said, "Clay and Liston are two unranked fighters."

Big Julie Isaacson, sitting next to him,

said, "But we'll fight anyone. Except Patterson. He never give nobody a chance, we ain't going to give him one. We'll fight anyone the WBA approves."

"How about a rematch with Machen?" someone asked.

"If the WBA approves," Julie said, "but don't seem like there would be no demand."

"He didn't come to fight," Ernie said.

"It take two men in the ring, both of them want to fight to make a fight. I've time I hit him, he'd hall up into a little nut. Sometime he even turn his back on me. There wasn't nothing I could do about it. It's tough to hit a guy who balls up like that. But one time I think I knocked him down with my right hand, but the referee didn't see it that way. I know I caught him a couple of times with it and hurt him with it, too."

The World Boxing Association has given Terrell 90 days to defend his title and has mentioned Patterson as the logical contender. But it is doubtful that Patterson would want any part of Terrell when all he has to do now is wait to meet the winner of the Clay-Liston fight.

Had Terrell defeated Machen impres-

sively, the WBA would have had a strong wedge with which to split the Clay-Liston-Patterson combination.

Al Bolan, who more or less manages Patterson, was a pleased spectator at the fight in Chicago. Afterward he said, "I see no reason for Patterson to fight Terrell. I suggest Bruno Sammartino would be a logical opponent for Ernie." Sammartino is a wrestler. In fairness, the principals do not deserve all the blame for the grotesqueries of the bout. The referee, Sonny Weismann, lost control of the fighters and of the fight early on. Twice Machen's manager, Walter Minkoff, yelled at him to handle the fighters, but he was not strong enough to break up the frequent wrestling encounters.

Terrell's problem now is to find a way to exploit his considerable potential.

"He can move for a big man," said ex-champion Ezzard Charles. "And he got a very fine left hand."

"I'm gonna work with this boy for about six weeks before his next light," Joe Louis said. "He got to learn to let the right hand go when they is a place for it. You can't teach a man to do that in a week. It take a long time. But when he get the right hand to go with the left he could be the best."

Joe had divested himself of a special sweater made up for the occasion by Isaacson. Terrell's seconds came into the ring wearing the sweaters inside out, so that the lettering on them was not legible. When the decision was announced they turned them right side out, revealing, "Ernie Terrell, World Heavyweight Champion" stitched in red letters. The crowd, which had booed lustily at the officials' unanimous decision for Terrell, booed even more.

Since Patterson probably will not fight Terrell, and Clay and Liston are otherwise engaged, it is likely that Terrell, who made almost nothing out of the Chicago bout, can sharpen up their right hand on fights with the likes of George Chuvalo, the Canadian who lost a close decision to Floyd Patterson, and with Zora Foley or Karl Mildenberg, the left-handed German.

He should realize some good paydays with them; more important, he can probably heat any one of them with his left hand while he is testing, and gaining confidence in, his right. If he develops as he should, in two years he could give either Clay or Liston a difficult evening. **END**

Terrell looks positively from his corner at his advisers Sam Solomon and Joe Louis' corner.



The rust-red acetate tape uncoils at seven and a half inches per second, and the voice, southern-inflected and flat, declaims: "And the scribes and Pharisees brought unto him a woman taken in adultery. . . ." A swallow is heard, then a pause, then the Gospel According to St. John is resumed in stentorian cadence: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." One thinks: it must be somebody doing his lab work down in a Tennessee seminary. But hark! The message is no longer the Word: "The grass is just as green, Tom, the barefooted boy did say." Another silence, and now: "Preshrunk shirts. White vin-e-gar. Strange strategic statistics. Da pitcher—the pitcher—begins his windup, checks the runner, uncorks . . . it's high and inside for ball one."

This little amalgam of Scripture, and tongue twisters, ranking among the truly undistinguished selections in home recording, was produced and filed away 10 years ago in the basement of a three-bedroom ranch house in St. Louis. Voice, house and tape recorder belonged to Joe Garagiola, a washed-up major league baseball catcher who was preparing, at the time, to break into sports broadcasting. But nowadays call him Joseph Henry Garagiola. And notice: when he plays that funny old tape for laughs he uses a 5900 Ampex, which is built into a wall of his cherry-wood-paneled den, which is part of his \$90,000 garrison colonial home, which is set in a tony suburb in New York's Westchester County. And although he admits he is still no Alexander Scourby, the contemporary

Garagiola always says "the pitcher," and his timing is perfect, his sibilants are stutter-free and his job is one of the best in his field. For, while tidying up and making a few modernizing amendments and deletions lately, the New York Yankees gave Joe Garagiola Mel Allen's old chair in the broadcast booth. And announcing for the Yankees, as Garagiola says with some awe, is "the wall-to-wall job in sportscasting."

At 39 and a decade out of uniform, Garagiola (it is best pronounced, its owner says, as if you were strangling yourself) has a formidable reputation as a convulsing after-dinner speaker. An example of what they've been hearing this past winter is his anecdote about the Cardinals, Garagiola's old team. "After they won the Series," says Joe, "Gussie

THE SWEET SOUND OF SUCCESS

Joe Garagiola, baseball's most famous .250 hitter, reached the top in broadcasting—his new career—when he took Mel Allen's spot with the New York Yankees

by HUSTON HORN



Bush decided he'd write a book about his experiences with Rickey. He's calling it *Out on a Limb with Branch*. But his baseball announcing, heard in the past in St. Louis, on national television's Game of the Week and on four World Series, is marked not so much by the one-liner jokes for which he is famed as by his expert insight into the game. Among the half dozen or so ex-ballplayer-sportscasters, in fact, Garagiola stands out as a teacher of baseball's methodology, a result not at all coincidental with the fact that for nine years as a catcher he was privy to the strategies worked out by his pitchers and managers—even though he had to observe some of them through a mental telescope from the distant bullpen.

Still, notwithstanding his scholarship, Garagiola has managed to keep his broadcasting light, breezy and relatively free of mindless statistics—strange, strategic or otherwise. And if he must be faulted for anything, it is that once a ballplayer, grammatically speaking, presumably always a ballplayer. During the five years Garagiola was a Cardinal announcer, says one St. Louis critic, "he never mastered the demonstrative pronoun 'that.' I once heard him say, 'That Klu really hit that ball with that bat and that shortstop couldn't do nothing but give that ball that wave goodbye.'" And it has also been said that Joe, anecdotally speaking, will sometimes keep telling a story right up to the instant the pitcher releases the pitch, thus violating that ineffably suspenseful silence that is supposed to fall between that windup and that call. But if Garagiola may be permitted a modest boast in his own defense—a departure, by the way, from the normal behavior of this singularly unassuming celebrity—he enjoys claiming an unusual distinction. "All the other players who become broadcasters," he says, "were really pretty good athletes. I mean, they showed up at the clubhouse wondering how many hits they'd get that day. But I'd show up wondering if I was going to play. And often I didn't. So these guys—the Phil Rizzutos, the Dizzy Deans, the Pee Wee Reeses—they can talk about baseball from the star's point of view. But I talk from the little guy's point of view. And there are a lot more of us underdogs than anything else." Says one Garagiola fan, "Listening to

Joe is like sitting in the bullpen next to a catcher with a low batting average and a gift for gab. He always seems to know what's going on and why."

Although articulate mediocrity has proved to be a splendid background for broadcasting, Garagiola, naturally, did not start out with the intention of specializing in underdogs. Almost until the year he quit the game he kept believing, he says, that somewhere in the Hall of Fame they were saving a spot for him. But if his career, in unfolding, never became remarkable it at least had a rich variety of high ups and low downs.

As is somewhat well-known (for the fact is frequently and comically exploited in his banquet routines and television appearances), Garagiola began to play baseball at the same time and place as that other ex-catcher, Yogi Berra. Garagiola and Berra, as a matter of fact, were across-the-street neighbors as boys in a St. Louis Italian neighborhood called The Hill by its residents and Dago Hill by others in St. Louis. Their fathers worked at the same brickyard, and they both signed their first professional contracts in the early 1940s. Joe signed with Branch Rickey, the patriarchal genius, in those days, of the Cardinals. For his first baseball job, Rickey appointed Garagiola assistant groundkeeper for the Springfield (Mo.) Cardinals. Joe was 15 then and, for the \$65 a month he was paid, he cut the grass, caught batting practice and, for a bonus, was allowed to wash Stan Musial's sweat socks. (Musial was a minor leaguer, too, in those days.) Even so, Joe twice packed his things over at Mrs. Sue Wicker's boardinghouse and set out for the bus station. "Then I'd remind myself that big leaguers don't get homesick," says Garagiola. "So back I'd go."

Eventually, after finishing high school, Garagiola began to play for Springfield and a year later went to Columbus, Ohio (another team in the Cardinal farm system). In 1944 he was drafted by the Army, but V-J day occurred while he was about a troopship bound for the South Pacific. Consequently, instead of being assigned to a tank unit, for which he had been trained, he became a military policeman in Manila. "One day I came into the barracks and this guy on the armed forces radio station was talking about how the St. Louis Cardinals

had this great catcher who was going to take over for Walker Cooper, who had been sold to the Giants," says Garagiola. "He said the new guy had a great arm, was a terrific hitter and could run the bases like a deer. He said his name was Garagiola. Well, I figured he couldn't mean me, so I wondered if Rickey had hired some distant cousin of mine or something."

No such luck. On Mother's Day 1946, Garagiola got his discharge in St. Louis, and a few days later, wearing an ill-fitting suit and lugging a cardboard suitcase ("I looked like somebody who had flunked customs"), he caught up with his team in Philadelphia. "They assigned me to room with Marty Marion, who was one of the Cardinal stars then, and I stood outside his hotel room for 15 minutes trying to get up the courage to knock," says Garagiola. The next day the Cardinals played Cincinnati, and Joe remembers the event as though it were yesterday—or at least as though it were last night's bad dream. "I got one hit in four tries," he says, "which was to establish forever after my average as a .250 hitter, and my catching was on about the same level. There was this one pop foul—it may have gone all of 20 feet in the air—and when it came down I stood there and dropped it. Beautiful. And later, in the sixth inning, chasing a pop foul, I ran into the backstop screen. My forehead looked like a waffle. But I caught that ball, boy, I held on."

By October of that year Garagiola was holding on to so many pop fouls and whatnot that he and the Cards wound up in the World Series against the Boston Red Sox. Garagiola caught five of the seven games in the Series and batted .316. And the four hits he got in the fourth game were only one less than Ted Williams had in the entire Series for Boston. "Well," says Joe, "I honestly hadn't had much of a season up till then, but when we won that World Series I was an instant home-town hero. I was 20 then, single and carefree, and I bet I grabbed at the brass ring 15 times a day." The next year, however, Garagiola's popularity drooped in direct ratio to his batting average (.257 for 1947), and by 1948 he had become a certified ex-celebrity. The crowd booed him so lustily when he came to bat in one exhibition game with the old St. Louis

continued

Browns that, after driving a double to left center field, he sprinted to second base and, in the presence of Sam Dente, the Browns' shortstop, burst into tears. "A few weeks later, there I am down at Union Station on my way back to Columbus and the minors," Garagiola remembers. "And funny thing: all those people who had been my best friend after the World Series forgot to come down to see me off. The only ones who did show up were my mother, my brother, a priest friend and Audrie Ross, the girl I was going to marry. Now, there is a

lazy flies were disappearing into the sun and I was hitting .347. Then one day in June—two days after I had hit a pinch three-run homer off of Murry Dickson of the Pirates—we were playing the Brooklyn Dodgers and I fell over Jackie Robinson's feet at first base. I came down on my left shoulder and it separated. I was in the hospital for three weeks."

With very little else to do, Garagiola, propped up in bed, commenced to ponder his future. He also passed the time listening on the radio to Harry Caray, then as now the Cardinals' chief play-

against the sky in sharp relief. When Garagiola thought it was a ball, the umpire was just as sure it was a strike. So Joe Garagiola began to move—and if it was the Hall of Fame he was headed for, he was taking the scenic route. First he was pined off on the Pirates, whose 1952 aggregation was one of the all-time disaster-aren teams and is now one of the staples in Garagiola's comedy routines. ("We'd lose 8 out of 9 games," says Joe, "then slide into a slump. But in mid-season we got a break. Two of the pitchers gave up and went home.") Since Garagiola was hardly the man to right so many fundamental wrongs, the Pirates dealt him to the Chicago Cubs, and the Cubs subsequently sold him to the New York Giants—despite the fact that he was on the verge of retiring. "After all," Garagiola says, "it had gotten to the point where the two most important dates on my calendar were no longer my birthday and Christmas. Instead they were May 15, the cut-down day in the majors, and June 15, the trade deadline." And retire he did—but not before the Giants generously cut him in for a \$4,000 share of their 1954 World Series money, even though, a late-season arrival, he was not eligible to play in the Series.

Anheuser-Busch, the beer-company sponsor of Cardinal radio and television broadcasts, showed some generosity, too, when it hired Garagiola as Harry Caray's assistant and color commentator in 1955 (Gabby Street had died in 1951). Joe had already established himself as an entertaining speaker at banquets but he knew, better than anyone else, that he was still little more than an evenseter with a microphone in front of him. Garagiola practiced announcing by taping play-by-play accounts of games he watched on television. When he listens to these tapes now he winces at the dead spots, the wordy spots, the convoluted explanations and the steady stream of clichés. "Everytime somebody came up to bat, I'd say the crowd gave him a big hand. Those crowds never seemed to run out of big hands to give away. But when you think about it, for a ballplayer I wasn't so bad. It was just that as an announcer I was so awful."

By 1960, with his shaky beginnings behind him, Garagiola had come quite a way. No longer just a onetime bullpen catcher, he had written a book of baseball anecdotes funny enough to put *Baseball Is a Funny Game* on national best-

FAMILY MAN Garagiola beams at his wife Audrie, who used to play for St. Louis baseball crowds, entertains children Joe Jr., Steve (with guitar) and Gina in their new Seaside home.

loyal fan for you. I met Audrie when she was playing the organ in a skating rink. Later on she played it at our ball park—things like *How High the Moon* when Wally Moon got a homer. I remember our first date. We went bowling. Me and Audrie. And Audrie's father."

Whether from a need to get back to Audrie and her father or merely to get away from Columbus, Garagiola had a good year and was recalled to St. Louis. His momentum carried him through 1949 and into a highly promising 1950 season. "I had married Audrie and now everything was working like magic," he says. "My grounders were taking nasty hops over the infielders' heads, my high,

by-play announcer. Slowly the two avenues of thought began to merge. After Garagiola got his Hall of Fame credentials in order, he figured, he just might become a sportscaster himself. And when he was released from the hospital he went so far as to talk the idea over with Caray and the late Gabby Street, once a catcher, like Joe, and later a big league manager, who was then broadcasting the Cardinals' games with Caray.

Garagiola's shoulder separation continued to bother him (pinned together, it still gives him trouble), and he never regained his pre-injury form. Those grounders did not hop over the infielders anymore; those pop flies stood out

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seller list and to sell some 500,000 paperback copies. Moreover, he had become the *sine qua non* of the sports-banquet circuit, and his commitments had reached such proportions that he was obliged to tape-record each speech so that he would not repeat himself to the same audiences. And, of course, he was still Caray's broadcasting partner. To flesh out that job he undertook two other jobs with NBC television: one, to broadcast the Game of the Week on Saturday and Sunday; the other, to appear each Monday morning on the *Today* show.

"One day at home I came down to breakfast," Garagiola says, "and Audine began to tap her glass of water with her knife. 'Children,' she said, 'we're honored today to have a very special guest with us—a television sportscaster named Joe Garagiola. May I introduce you father?' Then she sent a suggestion to Jimmy Hallis, who did that cartoon, *They'll Do It Every Time*. Her idea showed a guy giving a banquet speech about how important it is to be a good friend to your kids. And the picture showed this same guy running off to catch a plane and leaving his family behind again. I had gotten so wound up in trying to give my kids the things I had never had that I had forgotten the one thing I had had: a father. So I knew I had to cut my schedule down for their sake." Garagiola then gave up the Cardinal job—the one demanding most of his time—and moved his family to New York to be close to his NBC obligations.

The Garagiolas built a house in Scarsdale, one of the more fashionable commuting towns around New York City. "The first morning after we moved in," says Garagiola, "I knew our town was something special. I was putting out the trash, and the garbage man says 'Hey! You ain't supposed to put out tin cans except on alternate Thursdays.' I said, 'You mean I've already flunked sanitation engineering?' and he says, 'Oh, you're some kind of a wise guy. I can see.' I thought to myself, when you come down off The Hill in St. Louis it takes awhile to get used to class."

The mutual satisfaction between Garagiola and NBC concerning the Game of the Week was such that last fall a new two-year contract was drawn up. But shortly after that contract was signed the American Broadcasting Company, in a separate contract with the baseball commissioner's office, took over the Game

of the Week program. Consternation reigned at NBC, not the least of it being inside Garagiola's mind. "I could have asked ABC to take me, too, I suppose," he says, "but that means I would have had to give up all my NBC work. [Apart from part-time chores now on radio's *Monitor* and TV's *Today* and *Tonight*, Garagiola also has a five-minute morning sports show.] But to find myself doing no baseball next season sounded like an equally bad situation. I just have to have the smell of a locker room in my life, I guess."

As it just so happened, there was at that time a particularly fine locker-room opening. Having convinced themselves that Mel Allen had explained the miffed rule to everybody's satisfaction, the New York Yankees fired him last September, thus dissolving an association of a quarter of a century. The beginning of Allen's end became apparent when he was not hired to broadcast the Yankee-Cardinal World Series, a highly prestigious appointment for any broadcaster. Allen first called a Series involving the Yankees on radio in 1938, and for the bulk of the past 26 years he had been as much a part of the Series TV scene as those guys shaving in the clubhouse.

Why he was not around last fall was not spelled out by the Yankees at the time, but it was clear that Garagiola, who was placed in Allen's spot for the Series, did a masterful job. And, it may be supposed, his excellence was not overlooked in New York City, which had not received the Game of the Week telecasts but is the place where people who hire other people for important jobs tend to live. And although a line of applicants had begun to form as soon as Allen's dismissal was made public, the Yankees had not filled the job by mid-December, the time that found Garagiola in a bit of a fix. So, matter-of-factly, Garagiola dialed PLaza 9-5300, the number of the Yankees' executive offices, and said he probably was calling too late, but he was just wondering if... And the Yankees said, too late? My boy, we were just thinking about you, and they all got together for a pastrami on rye for lunch. And a little bit later Don Topping, the Yankee president, abandoned his position that Allen's replacement ought not be another ex-player (the Yankees also employ as announcers ex-Shortstop Phil Rizzuto and ex-Second Baseman Jerry Coleman) and approved Garagiola's

continued



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employment, mentioning, as he did so, Joe's fine work on the Series. And NBC, giving a little, too, said it guessed working for the Yankees was not exactly the same as working for CBS (which network lately bought up the team for purposes not yet made entirely clear to us all). And the deed was done. "Rizzuto and Garagiola," says Joe. "The Mafia's answer to Huntley and Brinkley."

Moving into the vacuum left by Mel Allen, one of the best baseball announcers for all his verbose tendencies, is a tall



JOE THE .250 HITTER. with the finish 1952 Pirates at the nadir of his career

order for Garagiola, and he does not deny it frightens him. Nor does he deny that he wears his baseball allegiances on his sleeve and, as of right now, has strong pro-Yankee biases—the deliberate point of view that, as much as anything else, won Allen a legion of fervent anti-Yankee detractors. "Well, what else would be right?" asks Garagiola sensibly enough. "They pay me, don't they? I like the Yankees for three reasons: my children. Why should I hide my gratitude? Which isn't saying I think baseball is some kind of 10 o'clock High Mass. I mean, if the Yankees don't win the pennant this year, that's too bad, and if they do win it, the world is still going to be moved up. But, important or not, I still love baseball. I do because it's given me everything I have. Come to think of it, I've given baseball everything I have, too. I'd say we're even."

END



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PART ONE

A NEW WAY TO PLAY LONG IRONS

BY TONY LEMA
WITH GWILYM S. BROWN

The British Open Champion shows how golf's most difficult clubs can be mastered by combining rhythm and restraint with some modern concepts that greatly simplify the entire swing

Man's struggle to hit long irons well is always a difficult one and frequently a losing one. These clubs, the two-iron and three-iron, can so discourage the weekend golfer that he gives up hope of using them well. I see two main reasons for all of this trouble with long irons: 1) the great majority of golfers are trying to get along on yesterday's fundamentals when they should be attempting to master some new and proved ones; 2) too many players are using caveman tactics on a shot that requires smoothness and timing above all else. The golf swing used by the country's best players today differs radically from the one favored a decade ago. Wristy swings and complex stances that change from club to club have practically disappeared from the pro tour. Efficiency has replaced gracefulness as the measure of a swing. The touring pros have simplified everything. We now think only in terms of square and straight: a square stance for all shots and a swing that takes the club straight back and then down and straight out through the ball. The reason the tour has so many really able young players is that they have developed a swing that is remarkably simple. The amateur golfer should benefit enormously from these basic changes in the swing, for anything that makes the game less complicated helps the man who has little practice time, but the amateur does not seem to have learned them—at least, not yet.

Because the new swing promotes consistent timing it is especially valuable for long-iron shots, where there is not much margin for error. In this series I am going to explain the important elements of the new swing—some of which may seem unusual—and I am going to show you how to apply these elements when using those treacherous long irons.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANCIS GOLDEN

The square stance: a first step to success

The feet, knees and hips (blue lines) must all be square to the target (brown arrow), and the weight (red shadow) forward on the feet.

The initial thing you must do is forget the hallowed theory that says long irons should be played from a closed stance and short irons from an open one. Nonsense. Basically, all shots should be played from a square stance. The next thing you have to do is forget a second theory, just as popular, which says your weight at address should be on your heels. It should not. The weight should be forward on the broadest part of the feet. When you can bounce up and down off both heels while still maintaining a solid, balanced position you have your weight in the proper place.

The term "square stance" applies to more than the position of the feet. It also includes the knees, hips and shoulders. When you have a square stance, imaginary lines drawn across the toes, the knees and the hips will all point toward the target. Also try to align the shoulders in the same manner, though the fact that the right arm is reaching down and across the body to the club usually turns the shoulders slightly to the left of the target. Just as the stance no longer varies from club to club—except for the distance between the feet—neither does the grip. My grip is on the strong side. This means that my left thumb rests on top of the shaft, but just a little to the right of center. The right hand overlaps the left in conventional fashion. Thus the back of the left hand and the palm of the right point slightly to the right of the target.

At address, your feet should be no further apart than the width of your shoulders, but they can be closer together if this makes you feel more comfortable. You should also feel that the inside edges of both feet are digging into the turf. Above all, remember that you must not plant the weight back on the heels as if you were about to sit down. This restricts the ability of the body to turn and reduces your control of the swing.

With a few unusual exceptions, which I will discuss later, I play the ball off my left heel on every shot. If you have a good pivot you can get maximum control and maximum loft when the ball is in that position. If your pivot is slightly constricted, you may get better results playing the ball slightly back toward the right. But in any event, keep it in the same position for every shot.

A final and perhaps obvious word on being comfortable: be sure that you are. If the stance I have described does not feel comfortable you must practice it and make small adjustments until it does. The stance must be so automatic that you do not consciously think about it, much less get upset by it.

CONTINUED

The one-piece swing: a logical continuation of the square stance and an effortless way to insure consistent rhythm and timing

What the touring pros now like to call the one-piece swing is another of the new concepts in hitting a golf ball. As the name suggests, it, too, is a simple one. The idea is to make the various parts of the body involved in the swing do their jobs at the same time and in the same way. Instead of picking the swing apart and concentrating, say, on making the wrists break at the proper place, you think of the swing as if it were one cohesive motion. This is achieved by starting the backswing almost as if everything—the hands, arms, hips and shoulders—were part of the same block of wood. In other words, they should all move back together on the same arc, with nothing getting ahead of the other parts of the body or behind them. The club is swept back from the ball on a low plane while the hips and shoulders turn with it. The first alteration from this togetherness occurs when the hips have turned as far as they can go. At this point the process of cocking the wrists will begin naturally, while the arms continue to swing upward and the shoulders keep turning. The shoulder, turn proceeds until the left shoulder is well under the chin. This will bring the club to an almost horizontal position at the top of the backswing.

Some golfers, in a misguided attempt to hit the ball more solidly, will make a conscious effort to shorten their backswing when using a long iron. Do not make this mistake. A long, rhythmic backswing is vital, because it will produce a longer arc. The big arc, in turn, will produce the club-head speed needed in hitting long-iron shots, but it is speed that is generated without consciously forcing the swing. The worst way to get power on a long-iron shot is to try to overpower it. Do that and you will power it right out of bounds.



At address, Leno is relaxed and comfortable, his feet and body square to the target, his hands applying gentle pressure on the club.



At the backswing starts, the knees, hips and shoulders (red planes) are all turning together as a unit at the same rate as the arms.

At the top of the swing, Lema is in a compact, coiled position from which he can bring the club straight down and through the ball.

CONTINUED



At the top of the swing, Leva's left heel (unassisted weight) is raised an inch off the ground and his left knee is pressing to the right.



The left heel is then pushed down hard. This will force the left knee and the hips (red arrows) to assert their proper rotation to the left.

The heel plant: a surprising and most efficient way to start the downswing



The heel is now firmly planted, and Lexia's hands, still fully cocked, are starting down. His hips and knees are moving to the left.

There are two traditional ways of beginning the downswing. Many golfers like to pull the hands down toward the ball, counting on this move to get the hips turning. Others rotate the hips to the left first and let this motion pull the hands down. Which do I recommend? Neither. I use a method that I think is easier and much more effective. Without any noticeable or conscious pause at the top of the backswing, I start down by slamming my left heel, which has been raised about an inch, into the ground as hard as I can.

There are some special reasons why I prefer this method to the two more conventional ones. Starting the downswing by pulling the hands down tends to reduce the shoulder turn, and a good shoulder turn is especially necessary when hitting long irons. Also the hand motion often leads to no pivot at all. Starting the downswing by turning the hips very often overemphasizes hip action and results in a poor pivot. But forcing the heel down is almost like pulling a trigger. It is a small motion, but it produces several desirable effects that take place simultaneously and almost unconsciously. The drawings at left make this particularly clear. They are reproductions of very high-speed photographs of a split second in the same swing. You will notice that from the first drawing, where my heel is as far off the ground as it ever gets, to the third drawing, where it is firmly anchored on the ground, my hands have hardly moved. This shows how fast the heel motion is. In fact, the faster I slam my heel into the ground, the quicker a pivot I am able to make. Here is what happens when the heel goes down. 1) the flexed left knee must begin to straighten, 2) the right knee, only slightly bent but twisted well to the right, must begin to uncoil toward the left; 3) the hips must start to shift, laterally at first, then rotating counterclockwise. At the same time the shoulders start a counterclockwise motion that pulls the hands down toward the hitting area, but the wrists are still cocked and will remain so until the last possible moment.

Naturally, this use of the left heel as a trigger does not guarantee that your pivot or your shoulder turn will be a good one. These are things you must learn. But, once learned, it is the slamming down of the left heel that will put them in motion most effectively.



As Leno's downswing starts, his hips are coiled and to the right of a vertical line extending from the ball, which is opposite the left heel.



As his hands reach the hitting area, his weight comes off his right foot, his hips move as far to the left as they will go and they begin to rotate.

The correct pivot: a vital element that links power and control with good balance

Many golfers do not have a good pivot because they do not really know what a good pivot is. Yet it is impossible to hit firm long-iron shots without a sound pivot or body turn. The correct pivot combines a lateral shift of the hips to the left with a counterclockwise rotation. Both elements are necessary. The lateral shift moves the body weight off the right foot and quickly over onto the left, thus insuring solid contact down and through the ball. The counterclockwise rotation of the hips builds up club-head speed through a controlled use of the body rather than by a violent and usually badly timed effort of the hands and arms. It also helps bring the hands far down into the impact area while the wrists are still cocked—which means the wrists really snap through as the ball is hit. Throughout the pivot the head must be held extremely still. There is so little room for error in a long-iron shot that any swaying of



At impact, the lateral shift of Leno's hips has brought his weight well to the left, and the hip rotation has lost club-head speed to a minimum.

the head is likely to cause major trouble. Above all, keep the head from either dipping or rising as you start the downswing. There is one head motion that is permissible, however. Very often, just before impact, an experienced player's head will shift slightly to the right. As you can see from the accompanying illustrations, this is true in my case. This phenomenon is the result of a very fast pivot. My body has generated so much momentum that the head naturally moves to the right. But my weight is well over on my left side, which is where it belongs. There is one other thing I recommend on the downswing. When I take my stance, my grip on the club is comparatively loose. Since I want to feel relaxed about the shot, I do not want tension anywhere. It is only as I start the club back that I tighten the grip. I continue to tighten up to the moment of impact. At that point my fingers and palms are squeezing the club as hard as they can.

The common pivoting errors



ALL SHIFT AND NO TURN tend to generate good club-head speed and will often cause a push or slice because the club face is open when it hits the ball.



ALL TURN AND NO SHIFT results in the weight remaining on the right foot, a lack of consistent timing and a whole spectrum of disastrous golf shots.

CONTINUED



Life was just one diaper after another until Sarah got her new Mustang. Somehow Mustang's sensationally sophisticated looks, its standard-equipment luxuries (bucket seats, full carpeting, vinyl interior, chiffon-smooth, floor-mounted transmission) made everyday cares fade far, far into the background. Suddenly there was a new gleam in her husband's eye. (For the car? For Sarah? Both?) Now Sarah knows for sure, Mustangers have more fun.

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MUSTANG!

When Lexia starts his downswing his knees are tensed, like a contracted spring. As he turns toward the left, his weight starts to shift to the left.



Lexia's knees now begin releasing tension and sliding toward the target. His right heel is raised and he is pushing hard on the ball of his right foot.



At impact, both knees are almost being "whipped" at the target. Lexia's weight has moved off his right foot over to the outside edge of his left.



The caddie dip: fluid knee action is the way to insure good footwork

When pro golfers talk about footwork they are referring to the action of the feet as the weight moves to the right on the backswing and to the left on the downswing. Though it is often overlooked, proper footwork is especially important when hitting long irons. I have found that the best way to be sure of agile, balanced footwork is to get my knees working properly. Ever since my caddie days in Oakland and San Francisco I have been an advocate of something known as the "caddie dip," a sort of exaggerated knee action often seen in the vigorous swings of teen-agers. The caddie dip adds up to little more than keeping the knees very mobile throughout the downswing. I try to imagine, as I come down, that my knees are a single unit and that I am snapping this unit at the target almost like snapping a towel. This action automatically rolls my weight off the right foot and onto the left at the proper time. It also promotes a full pivot and even seems to get the wrists into a more powerful position at impact. This fluid action of the knees becomes an instinctive part of the swing fairly quickly and is a lot easier than trying to concentrate on shifting weight from one foot to the other as you come down.

CONTINUED

Shoulder rotation: turn like a tilted wheel



At the top of his backswing, Levie's left shoulder (black box) is almost directly underneath his right.



At impact, the position of the shoulders has reversed, but they are in the same plane as before.

Just before the 1963 Masters I played two practice rounds with Byron Nelson. After we had finished I asked him what he thought of my swing. "You are staying down and under the ball so well," he said, "that you just have to play well in the tournament." His prediction, happily, was accurate, and I finished second. What Nelson was speaking of is one of the most important parts of the golf swing, the shoulder turn. By "staying down and under the ball" he meant that my right shoulder was low when I came into and through the shot, as in the drawing at upper right. It is a fundamental thing to learn, and yet many golfers never manage it. The common mistake is to let the right shoulder rise during the downswing until it is level with the left, and instead of the shoulders turning together like a wheel pitched at a steep angle, they turn like a wheel lying flat on its side. The correct up-and-down rotation achieves several things. First, it concentrates leverage and force directly behind the ball, the spot where power does the most

good. Second, it keeps the club head square and moving out toward the target, thus increasing loft and control. Finally, the proper shoulder turn will help the body remain steady—which is going to give you increased consistency, even during a swing that happens to be faster than usual. A good way to get a mental image of the plane the shoulders should be rotating in is to check the position of your left shoulder at the top of the backswing (above left). Now you should attempt to get the right shoulder into that same position at the bottom of the downswing.

SUBTLETIES AND WARNINGS

Next week Tom Levie analyzes some long-iron trouble shots, shows a stroke-saving stance for high-handicap golfers, disputes a myth and tells when not to use long irons.

Darling, do you know what 500 women said they like a man to do?



WE MADE THIS RESEARCH, DARLING... that's what you call it in business, at home I call it being nosy!

We wrote to 500 newspaperwomen about men who smoke pipes and would you believe it, 80% agreed they like a man to smoke a pipe. *Imagine getting 80% of women to agree on anything!*

We did this for Masterpiece Pipe Tobacco to get the woman's point of view. And I can tell you now, darling, if a woman doesn't like a man's tobacco, she puts him out. But if he smokes Masterpiece, she will ask him in.

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a pipe he looks younger." (When women hear *this*, they will all smoke pipes!)

Another editor said, "Pipe smokers have a distinguished and noble air." Masterpiece is for men who are distinguished, but I think a man who is too noble can be a bore.

If you are a man who likes to smoke a pipe, would you like to know the other intimate things we found out about you? Well, it's a secret. But then I'm a woman. So write to me, c/o Masterpiece, P. O. Box 21, Murray Hill Station, New York, N. Y. 10016.



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THE LIGHT AND SHINY WET LOOK

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN

The oilskin slickers of yesterday may have stuck and cracked and smelled like bilge, but they heralded a whole new generation of lightweight coated materials. New plastic and vinyl finishes have turned foul-weather apparel, once ugly, heavy and stifling, into lightweight active garments for spring and summer. The fact that they also shine wetly (opposite and following pages) while shedding rain, sea spray or a cutting breeze is part of the charm. The new coatings intensify the colors of fabrics, making the new season's beach jackets and parkas for men and women the brightest ever. Among other shiny virtues, described further on page 58, the new coated fabrics are easy to tailor—as indicated by the oil-slick black beach shirt worn here by Sunny Bippus of Palm Beach.



On a fast run through the Everglades' river of grass, a group of Palm Beach residents



test the wind-and-spray shedding virtues of summer-weight jackets that glisten with protective coatings.





The new coated fabrics, shining as wetly as new paint, come in stripes and dots,



in crashing colors and subtle shades and are made into everything from sou'wester hats to high boots.

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SPORTS BOOK continued

SOME FACTS ABOUT THE SLICK, WET SHINE

Chemists have been pulling synthetic coatings for fabric out of test tubes since 1927. But never before has science succeeded in making vinyl- and plastic-coated fabrics so pliable, wearable, flexible, attractive and practical. The new coated-fabric sportswear will not crack, or "crock" (as the experts say of that old alligator effect). It will not harden, peel, mildew, stack, or turn tacky in hot weather. If touched with fire it simply chars at point of contact, being non-combustible. It resists abrasions, snags, tears, scratches and very rough wear. Its properties heighten color, so that the finished garment is the whitest of white, the blackest of black or the wildest of any hue, making it highly visible for fun and safety. It has no unpleasant odor. If there is any drawback, it is that coated fabrics at present are not porous. However, they are so lightweight that they do not create an enveloping steam-room discomfort like their predecessors. These lightweight qualities have also made possible better drape and tailoring and therefore more freedom of design. Some of the coated fabrics—those made of polyurethane—can be dry-cleaned, although this is seldom called for. All the coated fabrics can be hand-washed or wiped off with a damp cloth. Some can even be machine-washed.

The sportswear in the color photographs on the previous pages is of fabrics treated with two basic coatings—vinyl and modified urethane. Of these, vinyl is exemplified by General Tire's SeaSkin, made into sportswear by Holt, Knowles, a Miami firm specializing in good-looking boating and beach attire. SeaSkin is one of the strongest fabric constructions on the market, a practically indestructible but soft vinyl bonded to nylon. It can be printed with vinyl ink, which never wears off. Vinyl is also used in White Stag's vinyl-coated yellow-and-orange-striped nylon twill and in Juniorite's vinylized black-and-white-printed cottons. In the bonding process

cloth is affixed to vinyl sheeting with heat and pressure. Vinyl creates the brightest and glossiest colors, but it yet cannot be dry-cleaned.

A good example of a modified urethane is that made by Kenyon and called K-Kote. It is found in the jackets by McGregor on the previous pages. This chemical process is one of the most serviceable and expensive of all the coatings—lightweight, tough, washable and dry-cleanable. It is also highly flexible and can be applied to gingham, madras and duck. While the sportswear shown has a high gloss, K-Kote also comes in a wide range of effects, including a natural, untreated-fabric look.

The future of coated fabrics obviously is bright. Other innovations are being planned for fall, among them reversible sportswear made of corduroy and suede cloth laminated to vinyl, as well as heavier coated fabrics. Plastic coatings are not meant or expected to replace old-fashioned wool and other natural cloths. But, used correctly, they expand the range of a sportsman's wardrobe.

WHERE TO BUY The short-sleeved shirt (\$23) worn by Sunny Bippus on the first color page is designed by Bob Beach for Holt, Knowles. On the next two pages, aboard the airboat Marica Wendell wears White Stag's yellow-and-orange jacket (\$15), it is at Goshnick's, Washington. Sunny's striped parka (\$18) is by Her McGregor, at Bonwit Teller, New York. The black belted parka (\$42.50) worn by John Storch is by Holt, Knowles, as is Bill Burlingham's yellow shirt (\$32). All the Holt, Knowles merchandise is at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York. The Fair & Foul Weather Shop, Coconut Grove, Fla. The red-white-and-blue-striped parka (\$15) worn by Steve Cramer is by McGregor, at Stern's, New York. The assemblage of articles on the last color pages of the story includes a yellow boat (\$20) by Gole, in Lord & Taylor, New York, a sou'wester hat (\$5) by Holt, Knowles worn with the White Stag jacket described above; and two women's hooded parkas by Juniorite (\$11 each at B. Altman, New York).

Someday, you'll want a photographic instrument that's built a little better than it really has to be.



(The next time you get back a roll of film, say.)

Not so long ago, home movies were entertainment with a high risk to the projectionist. (Remember? Lengthy preparation, threading, fuzzy pictures, flutter, noise, itchy spectators. Remember?)

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It also has a switch that puts your movie in slow motion, instantly. Or stops the film at a single frame. It has a handy plug for your room light. (No more, "Somebody get the lights, please? Somebody?") We even tested 1,500 prints to find the right finish for it.

In short, the Lumina 1.2 is built a little better than it really has to be, by people who really care.

Does it sound like a projector you'd be proud of? One that will give as much pleasure as your camera does? See your Bell & Howell dealer about it. Soon. Before you send that roll of film out to be developed.

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The bay and the gray were a perfect parlay



JACINTO (NO. 3) MOVES UP ON LUCKY DEBONAIR BEFORE FADING IN FINAL FURLONG



JOCKEY JOHNNY ROTZ PULLS UP NATIVE CHARGER AFTER VICTORY IN THE FLAMINGO

By winning the two big prizes of the winter, gray Native Charger and bay Lucky Debonair deepened the puzzle of the Kentucky Derby

Only six weeks ago horsemen in Florida and California were sure that the Kentucky Derby would be a contest among Bold Lad, Sadair and Jacinto. Then came one of those weird sequences of disasters or semi-disasters so characteristic of racing. Sadair broke down and was retired to stud. Bold Lad popped a splint and had to stop racing. Now it has been discovered that a calcium deposit in the right knee may be more venous than the convalescing splint. It conceivably could delay his return to action so long that he would have insufficient time to train up to the Derby. At worst, it could mean the end of his career.

Last Saturday the ax fell again, this time on Jacinto. The 1-to-2 betting favorite among a crowd of 61,245 was thrashed by four lengths, as he lost the \$100,000 Santa Anita Derby to Mrs. Ada L. Rice's Lucky Debonair. Three days before this Derby, which contributed to a track handle of more than \$5 million (the first in California history), Native Charger won the \$100,000 Flamingo at Hialeah, and all of a sudden the upcoming 3-year-old colts had a totally new look about them.

Both the Flamingo and the Santa Anita Derby are at a mile and an eighth, but they are run over greatly different surfaces. Hialeah's is a comparatively dead strip compared to Santa Anita's very fast one. In Florida, Native Charger's winning time, as he beat Sparkling Johnny a half length, was a dull 1:50, while Lucky Debonair's in California was a meteoric 1:47, the fastest of all 28

continued



If you think flying's just for youngsters, read how these people over fifty Fly PIPER

CARL HANSEN, Downey, California, is president of a foundry that makes aluminum and magnesium castings for aircraft companies but he never paid much attention to his customers' finished products.

"I've always fooled around with sports cars and boats instead. My brother-in-law, who is a pilot, tried for years to get me up in the air. Frankly, I wasn't interested and kept putting him off. Then, one day, I unexpectedly went flying with a friend. It was an ideal day—beautiful blue sky, white clouds—and he let me steer it. I thought, 'this is easy. I can learn this in nothing flat,' and when we landed I started in with lessons. It was easy. And fun.

"I bought a used airplane when learning and after six months I bought a new Comanche 250 with full equipment. That was three years ago when I was just over 50. I've flown over 100,000 miles in the Comanche since then, both on business and for relaxation. Last Sunday I was up for three hours just breezing around. I only wish I'd started 20 years ago."

RUTH BLISS, Chappaqua, New York, is a grandmother. "At 53 I took my first flying lesson. My friends laughed, my husband was appalled, but I've never made a happier decision. Flying gave me a fresh outlook, the personal satisfaction I'd missed since my children grew up. It was fun to learn. I got my license within a year and started flying my husband on business trips. Then he caught the bug and became a pilot and we bought our own plane. The vacation flights we've made in our Piper Cherokee have been the most enjoyable trips of our lives, and we've found even a short, local flight the most relaxing way to end a day.

"I've gone on to get my commercial and instrument ratings and, for fun, fly cargo and charter flights for my local Piper dealer. I've logged more than 1200 hours since my first lesson and flying still keeps me feeling young."

MARTIN FOX, Baltimore, operations manager for a biscuit company, learned to fly long before he was 50. He learned in 1919. But he's still at it enthusiastically and just recently bought his first multi-engine airplane, a Piper Twin Comanche.

"I've flown about 3000 hours since 1920," Mr. Fox says. "and with this new Twin Comanche I expect to log another 400 hours or so this year. My job takes me to 36 of our branch plants during the course of the year and I can't think of safer transportation. After forty-five years in the sky, I'm a lot more at home in a plane than on those new superhighways, or any roads for that matter. I think I'll just keep on flying."



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Santa Anita Derbies and only three-fifths of a second off Bug Brush's track record. It is interesting also that Lucky Debonair ran his swiftest at the end—where it counted. The fractions of 23, 46²/₅ and 1:10²/₅ for the first three-quarters of a mile belonged to pacesetter Philately. Then Bill Shoemaker took over with Lucky Debonair and covered the mile in 1:35 on his way to a brilliant finish. At Hialeah, on the other hand, pacesetter Country Friend covered the first three quarters in 23, 46¹/₂ and 1:10¹/₂. Native Charger hit the mile in 1:36³/₄, and as his cheerful trainer, Ray Metcalf, put it later, "We outstaggered them at the wire."

Whether or not Native Charger was staggering, Metcalf has a pretty good horse. He obviously thought so when he told newsmen before the Flamingo, "If that jock [John Rotz] feels as good as my horse does and as I do, we'll have no trouble and we'll win. My horse has never gone over seven furlongs, but he'll

do it just fine in the Flamingo, and I don't care if the track is fast, slow, muddy or sloppy. I am confident." Jockey Rotz admitted that he hadn't cared much for Native Charger's two previous races—he stumbled badly at the start of the Hibiscus and finished fifth to Hail to All—and then conceded that some of Metcalf's confidence had rubbed off on him. That may have been all the colt needed.

Rotz was never worse than third on the son of Native Dancer, who cost Owner Albert Warner \$20,500 as a yearling at Saratoga and then ran second to Bold Lad four times last season. After taking command from Country Friend turning for home, Native Charger was threatened only by Sparkling Johnny, who got through on the inside and was gaining on the winner at the wire. Favored Hail to All, who finished third, beaten three and a half lengths, had no excuse, even though his rider, John Sellers, had him closer in the early running

than he is accustomed to being, and this may have sapped some of his stamina. The others in the 12-horse field were badly beaten, and it would be foolish to predict much of a future for them. However, Native Charger, who will run at Gulfstream in the April 3rd Florida Derby, may have one. And so may Albert Warner, who happily told friends after the Flamingo, "I'm 82 years old, but this will add 20 more to my life."

All week at Santa Anita, meanwhile, the talk was about how Jacinto couldn't miss in the Derby after his impressive victory in the San Felipe, when he beat Lucky Debonair a neck. On Wednesday he worked three quarters in 1:09⁴/₅ and was eased up the last eighth of a mile. But at least one man on the grounds must have acquired some of Ray Metcalf's confidence all the way from Hialeah. "He ain't a bad horse," said Frank Catrone, the 4-foot 9-inch ex-jock who trains Lucky Debonair for Ada and Dan Rice, owners of Lexington's Danada



Old Spice —with that clean, crisp, masculine aroma!

Farm. "When he got beat by Jacinto, his race was good, and he was game. He didn't have any excuse, although he was on the outside all the way and traveled farther than anyone else. The way I see it, this Derby should be a two-horse race, the same two." "The way I see it," added Bill Shoemaker, "is that some people around here may have underrated Lucky Debonair rather than over-rated Jacinto."

Three contenders, then two

Lucky Debonair ran an overwhelming race after Catrone simply told Shoe, "Get him home anyway you can." "Jacinto," said Shoe, "was the horse we had to beat, and I didn't want to have him get in front of me at any stage of the race." He didn't, either. Shoe actually broke on top but then took his horse back behind Philately's pace, while Manuel Ycaza took up third position behind Shoe. At no stage did it appear that any of the other five horses had the slightest

chance of winning. Going into the far turn Shoemaker took Lucky Debonair up to challenge Philately for the lead, and now a race was developing as Ycaza called on Jacinto, top. At the three-sixteenths pole Jacinto came to within a head of Shoe's horse, but at the eighth pole Shoemaker whacked Lucky Debonair, and he opened up daylight and coasted home by four lengths. Jacinto had a seven-length margin over third-place Charger's Kin. Jacinto was bumped coming out of the gate by both Gummo and Philately, but this was hardly the cause for defeat.

It will now become fashionable for bloodline critics to point out that sons of Bold Ruler—like Jacinto—do not make true distance horses. While Bold Ruler fillies have won a number of times at classic distances, the colts have yet to prove that they can. Jacinto obviously has some proving to do.

Lucky Debonair, by Vertex out of a Count Fleet mare, is certainly bred for

the classic distance. His sire was a top handicap horse—and a vastly underrated one—a few years ago, when he was running against the likes of Bardstown and Amerigo and winning at distances from six furlongs to a mile and a quarter. Lucky Debonair, his first stakes winner, made only one start last year and backed his shins at Atlantic City. This year he has had six races, winning four and finishing second in the other two. He now goes to Laurel to run in the Chesapeake on April 10, before heading for Churchill Downs.

"He won like a good horse should," said Frank Catrone, "and if Shoemaker wants to ride him from now on, it's up to him."

"I'm beginning to think I will," said Shoe. Fifty-seven-year-old Catrone, a trainer since 1939 without much to brag about, broke into a broad grin. "I was always eight blocks away from the big money," he said, "but things may be looking up now."

END



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GOLF / Gwilym S. Brown

Warm hopes for a man with a cold touch

Ken Venturi tests his ailing hands
and gets some promising results

He hooked and sliced, he clutched hand warmers and grimaced between shots as he vigorously massaged his too-white fingers, he sank one long putt after another, he scrambled to a mediocre 72, and the next day he withdrew from the tournament. As a comeback it seemed far from inspirational, but it was as significant an 18 holes of golf as anybody had played in a long time and it left Ken Venturi practically elated. He had reason to be. Despite chill winds and near-freezing temperatures on the first day of last week's Pensacola Open, the U.S. Open champion had proved, at least to his own satisfaction, that his never-dull golf career had not come to an abrupt end just when it seemed really about to begin at last.

Since last October, Venturi has suffered from a circulatory ailment in the fingers of both hands that is known medically as periarthritis nodosa. It is a disorder that so drastically reduced the flow of blood into Venturi's hands that the skin began to peel, the fingers felt cold to the touch and they turned white as frozen flounder.

The first signal that something this horrifying was happening came last fall during the Piccadilly World Match Play Championship in Great Britain. The skin on Venturi's fingers became dry and flaky. Through October and November the condition grew worse and the fingers began to feel numb. The colder the weather, the numbler they got. Unable to work at his profession with his accustomed diligence, Venturi moped around his Hillsborough, Calif. home in a glum lethargy, staring at his fingers, trying to keep them warm and getting fat from the lack of activity.

"When I tried to play," Venturi says, "it didn't even feel as if I had a golf club in my hands. It might as well have been a broomstick. I never had any idea of what I was doing or where the club head was. At night, when the hands were warm and the blood started pushing back into the fingers, they would throb like crazy. They felt as if they were about to explode."

Feeling also as if his world were about to collapse, Venturi visited a skin specialist, without success, and then was sent to Dr. Robert Woods of Los Angeles, the internist who successfully treated Dodger Pitcher Sandy Koufax for a similar ailment three years ago. Some preliminary treatment afforded relief, but the harsh weather that lashed the Crosby tournament in January caused him to suffer such a fierce relapse that his hands felt as if they had been in a refrigerator overnight. At one point they were so painful that he putted wearing a pair of thick, fur-lined leather gloves.

"The fingers got so white and awful looking," says Venturi, "that when I showed them to Bob Goalby one day while we were playing Cypress I scared him half to death."

After the Crosby, Venturi stopped playing altogether and in late January underwent an extensive examination that involved minor surgery. Preliminary tests

continued



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 1/2 oz. Wailing Bango—Nissau Beach
Hard Cointreau
1 oz. Galliano
1 oz. Light Rum
1/2 oz. Apricot Flavored Brandy
2 oz. Pineapple Juice
1/2 oz. White of Egg
Shake well, pour into a tall glass with ice cubes and decorate with leaf.

SCOTCH FROG COCKTAIL

 1/2 oz. Wailing Bango—Shed King
Shedder's Gin
1 oz. Vodka
1 oz. Galliano
1/2 oz. Cointreau
1/2 oz. Dry of Angostura Bitters
1 teaspoon Maraschino Cherry Juice
Shake and strain into champagne glass.

GALLIANO MIST

 Fill chilled glass with cracked ice. Pour 1 oz. Galliano over ice and shake well and strain 1/2 section fresh lime into glass. Stir and serve.

ITALIAN STINGER COCKTAIL

 1 oz. Galliano
1/2 oz. Brandy
Shake well with cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass.

COCKTAIL ST. VINCENT

 1/2 oz. Wailing Bango—Alicia's
Bango Bango & Salsolito
1 oz. Galliano
1 oz. Light Cream
1 oz. Gin
Shake with ice and strain in cocktail glass.

GOLDEN COGNAC

 1 oz. Galliano
1 oz. White Creme de Cacao
1 oz. Cream
Place in blender with small quantity of cracked ice. Use spoon to stir for short time until creamy. Pour into champagne glass.

WHITE MINK

 1 oz. Galliano
1/2 oz. Triple Sec
1/2 oz. Vodka
1/2 oz. Cream
1/2 oz. Orange Juice
Shake with ice. Strain into champagne glass.

GOLDEN DREAM COCKTAIL

 1/2 oz. Wailing Bango—Shed King
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1/2 oz. Cointreau
1/2 oz. Orange Juice
1/2 oz. Cream
Shake in cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass.

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GOLF continued

had indicated that he also had circulatory difficulties in the vicinity of his right shoulder blade and his left shinbone. To obtain a sample of tissue for diagnosis, one-inch incisions were made in these areas. Subsequent analysis confirmed that Venturi did, indeed, have periarthritis nodosa. He was given daily dosages of Priscoline and Iliad, drugs to expand and open the arteries, and Coumadin, to thin the blood. His circulation thus somewhat restored, Venturi went south to the soothing, 80° climate of Palm Springs to try and restore his golf game, too. The results were promising. For a few days he merely chipped and putted, but he soon was able to put himself through a full-scale practice session. In late February, with Dr. Woods as his caddie, he played 15 holes at the Thunderbird Country Club. Even in the cool late-afternoon shadows, only the tip of his right index finger turned white.

"After being able to play in Palm Springs I knew that I was not going to be a total loss as a golfer," Venturi, if not ebullient at least optimistic, said last week. "I proved I could always play in hot weather."

He earned this hopeful frame of mind into the opening round at Pensacola, his first competitive effort in six weeks. In case optimism was not enough, he also brought with him from home plenty of winter clothes, a large, black electric vibrator for his hands, the leather gloves he putted with at the Crosby tournament, two pocket-type hand warmers, nitroglycerin salve and cortisone, both solid and liquid.

During the first day at Pensacola, his always volatile emotions shifted as quickly as the wind that buffeted the course. At 11:20 a.m., when he drove up to the clubhouse with Mike Souchak and Phil Rodgers, he was cautious. It was 45° and overcast. "If it doesn't get any warmer than this," he said, "I'm not going to tee off."

Tea and hot water

By 12 noon he was approaching deep despair. An unsettling seven-minute session on the practice tee had left his fingers alabaster colored from the knuckles to the fingertips.

"Let's face it," he said, "these fingers are never going to get better. As soon as it gets cold, they're gone."

By 12:45 p.m. his mood was more ex-

perimental. The sun had come out, and Venturi had soaked his hands in near-scalding water and relaxed in the warmth of the dining room with a cup of tea. "Well, I'll try it for nine holes just to see what happens," he said. By 2:45 p.m. he seemed almost exhalated. He holed a 15-foot birdie putt on the ninth green right in front of the clubhouse to turn in a one-under-par 35, and he waved his hand jubilantly and broke into a broad grin. "The first two holes were hard. My fingers felt like stubs," he said. "But after that I started to warm up and began to hit some terrific shots. Blam, blam, blam!"

By 5:15 he had played 18 holes, made five birdies, five bogeys and eight pars, and was completely satisfied with his progress. "It was cold out today, but my hands got back to normal so quickly that I'm really encouraged," he said. Swinging his driver was difficult, because this club must be gripped so tightly for so long, and delicate pitch shots were tough to play because he is deprived of the sense of touch he would normally have. But the putting was mechanical, and he did that remarkably well, one-putting 11 greens.

By 7 p.m. he was back in his motel room with a bottle of beer, and he felt expansive and optimistic again. "Last year at this time I thought a 72 was just great for me," he said. "Now, even with the trouble in my fingers, I think, so what. That's how much better my game is. But all I can really say is thank God for the U.S. Open. If it wasn't for winning the Open these fingers would make me a mental case. Last year I had to beg my way into tournaments. Now I automatically qualify for everything. I can rest my hands and pick my spots. It's over 80° in Miami, and I'm drooling to get down there to practice and start playing again. With warm weather for the next few weeks my fingers should get better. My game should be in line shape for the Masters."

The next day at Pensacola was a not so balmy 42°, but Venturi was out of the tournament and headed for Miami. Full of enthusiasm, he was starting another chapter in his remarkable career. And if you looked at your own hands, and you thought of him, and you reflected on what a sense of touch means to a golfer, you had to hope it was going to be very warm in Miami, or wherever Ken Venturi went.

END



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CURLING PLAYDOWN

continued from page 21

froze: if the Dakotans did not lose their touch, they lost full control of it, and Illinois ran up a score against them—9-3—by which their fine team should not be judged.

After an hour's rest it was time for Illinois and Wisconsin to find out who was the U.S. curling champion. Both teams, by this time, were tired and very tense, and they took to the ice with an air of considerable solemnity. Only Bob Ferns, the Illinois lead, seemed to be entirely himself during the first ends. So severe was the strain that neither rink undertook any very imaginative play. A rock would be placed by one team and the other would apply all of its efforts to removing it, and Wisconsin's efforts proved superior. They won by 9 stones to 4.

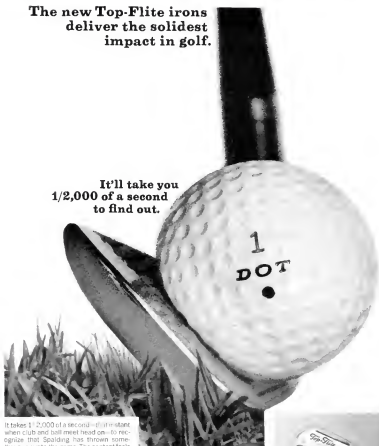
It had begun to seem likely as early as the third end that Wisconsin was going to make it, and the real tension of the match centered rather on the question of whether Bud Somerville's pants would. Somerville's curling pants, his lucky pants, split up the front about halfway through the match. Bud turned his back and remedial efforts were made with tape and a large safety pin. He proceeded unperturbed. Composure is essential to curling, and we are fortunate that the U.S. is to be represented in Scotland by a skip with lots of it.

Bud Somerville is 28, the oldest member of his rink. He is a commercial printer in Superior, Wis., and the brother-in-law of his vice-skip, Bill Scrum. In July his second, Al Gagne, will become the brother-in-law of his lead, Tom Wright, when he marries Wright's sister, Caren. This will make them the brothers-in-law four, or brothers-in-law 'a', as perhaps they will say in Scotland.

The Wisconsin rink is young, the curling is sound from lead to skip, and the boys must be among the strongest sweepers sweeping. (Tom Wright, a large young man, has developed a style that looks like a mechanical toy gone mad.) As skip, Somerville directs the sweeping of the others, and he is explicit about it, calling every stroke. Altogether, the Wisconsin rink will be the strongest team the country has ever sent to the Scotch Cup matches. The U.S. has always finished near the bottom in world play, but American curlers are expecting great things of their team next week. Their optimism may be justified. Somerville is having his lucky pants sewed up. **END**

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PICKLES, HOSSES AND MY MAN FROM PRINCETON

At the winter quarters of Greentree, one of the last of the classic stables, a loquacious groom (right) and his boss talk about their handcrafted Thoroughbreds

BY JACK OLSEN



Conditionin' a hoss is like tunin' a violin," said Pickles the groom as he teetered back in the wooden chair, his long toothpick legs draped over the sides, his hat pushed up on his head till the baldness showed. "You can see those big professionals tunin' their violins and it looks like a very easy thing the way they do it." Pickles paused and emitted the sound that he uses when he is groping for the judicious phrase. "Arraw, arraw," he said, "then you see a high school band tunin' up and it looks like there's such a crankin' and a grindin' goin' on. Now, our man here, he's like the concert violin player no strain, but plenty goin' on underneath. And he'll never tell you what he's about. He'd like you to think that trainin' hosses is

his own deep dark secret. My gawdamighty, the Gimbels don't tell the—arraw, arraw—the Macys. But I'll tell you the truth—he hasn't got any special secret. He's just got supreme confidence in himself, and he runs things. I say he runs things!"

Pickles the groom (straight name: Francis Hertzfeld) was sitting in the little office of Greentree Stable's winter quarters in Aiken, S.C., and he was talking about John M. Gaver, Greentree's head trainer for 25 years and Pickles' boss for all of them. Pickles began telling how the two of them, the garrulous groom and the taciturn trainer, had got together in the first place. "I was known in the early days as a top hand but erratic as hell," he said, wobbling back

and forth on the overmatched chair. "My father was a Jewish immigrant, a professor of ancient dead languages, and my mother was colored and a teacher, too, and you know what they say around the racetrack, that mongrels and cross-breeds is the most dangerous animals in the world. I smoked reefers and I drank and everything else till I a Guardia said reefers were against the law, and I wasn't gettin' enough kick out of 'em to go to jail. But I came to our man here"—Pickles usually refers to Trainer Gaver as "this man," "our man" or "my man"—"and he gave me work. Now, if you want a challenge. I don't care if you're a man or a racehoss, this man'll challenge you. If it's work you want, he'll give you work. So now I'm—arraw, arraw—



JOCK WHITNEY

obligated to him. He kep' me outa the tall weeds. And I believe in this man and what he is doin'. Tryin' to produce the classe hoes, the big 'cap winners, the hoeses that can win those classic races. He's not interested in winnin' cheap elaimin' races, and neither is Mr. Jock Whitney the owner. And I'll tell you vumpin' else." Pickles' voice fell to an ominous low. "If they didn't feel that way I'd just have to pick up my pav and walk outa here tomorrow."

Now Pickles had to perform his appointed rounds. He was serving a temporary tour of duty as night watchman at Greentree's winter quarters, though he normally works as a foreman, saddling up, mucking out stalls, rubbing horses and directing the other grooms,

He picked up his watchman's clock and slid out the door of the office, a long, cadaverously skinny man of middle years and sallow complexion who lost one lung a year ago to cancer and part of the other lung decades ago to a young horse that caught him when he wasn't paying attention. "I haven't got much wind left," he said, "but I got a wife and two little children up in Delaware, and if I can squeeze five-six-seven more years out of myself, then they'll be outa the woods, you know? It'd be a rough deal, leavin' 'em right now."

Outside the warm office, Greentree's winter quarters was an unimposing sight: a huddle of low, grayish sheds, a large unpainted barn, a blacksmith's shop of unpainted cinder blocks with a

sheet-metal roof, a walking ring around a centerpiece of stunted oak and weathered-wood fencing. On a clothesline the intimate garments of grooms and exercise boys flapped in the breeze, and some horse bandages dangled almost to the ground. A narrow sandy path led through the scrub pines and magnolias to a red-clay road that the horses have to cross to reach the deep Aiken training track for their morning workouts for "workout," as Pickles calls them in his relentless quest for the proper usage. Now the hand-controlled traffic lights over the lonely clay road was dark, but in the morning a stablehand would diligently return to duty, snapping the lights to red at the first sign of a horse and stopping what little traffic there is. "We

JOCK WHITNEY

don't want no \$2,000 automobiles crashin' into no \$200,000 horses," an exercise boy explained.

Pickles walked around punching his time clock and stumbling over cats. The names of two of them, Princeton and Tiger, attested to the academic background of Trainer Gaver, who took a B.S. at Princeton in 1924 and once taught at a fashionable boys' school. Three other cats, Susan B. Anthony, Bear and Tunes, were snoozing, and Top Cat was plying his trade. For one week Top Cat had been on self-assigned guard duty at the entrance to the habitation of a mole, and he was at his post again, an overweight orange cat with a potbelly and a heart full of malice, at least toward moles. Momentarily missing from the scene was the trainer's 4-year-old basset hound, Yogi, who is sworn to kill every squirrel in the world, but who has not been able to connect yet and is training on a diet of cottage cheese. "Yes, sir," Pickles observed, "we got ourselves a crazy collection of wildlife around

here, and the craziest is the hosses."

Greentree is one of the last of the privately owned "society" stables, where racehorses are more or less handcrafted. Trainer Gaver usually has a short string winter-racing in Florida and a shorter string in California and keeps the bulk of his Thoroughbreds in winter quarters at Aiken, where they are trained and retrained for the new racing season in New York and Maryland and, sometimes, points west. Many of the horses at Aiken were barely 2 years old and, since they had not even been named, bore their parents' names on brow tags. Pickles inspected a long shed row of them: Tom Fool/Tudor Princess, Cohoes/Donce France, Turn-to/Old Game, Traffic Judge/Downhill Only, Tom Fool/Red Fleet, Round Table/Rose Coral and others with illustrious forebears and no reputations of their own. Interspersed among the babies were three colts who had been made eligible for the Kentucky Derby and an ornery 4-year-old who would just as soon bite off your ear as

look at you. "No, I'm not the least bit afraid of him," Pickles said. "You show 'em you're afraid of 'em and you might as well pick up yo' gear and git out. You're finished." Pickles has had his chest carved in and one leg broken by horses, but he does not aim to be finished for another five six seven years.

Well, I'll tell you how it started with me," said John M. Gaver, a relaxed man in his early 60s with clear-blue eyes and straggly white hair and a soft border-state accent that contrasts with his tweed coat and Brooks Brothers shirt and regimental ties and wide-waled cords. "My father was a country doctor in Maryland, and we had two driving horses. I used to spend all my time studying them, and I'd come in smelling of manure and talking like a stablehand. After Princeton I taught for a while, and then I worked for a bank and then for the Maryland Bloodstock Agency. One day when I was asked if I wanted a job with the Whitney stable I said, hell yes. Goodbye Maryland Bloodstock Agency, goodbye Baltimore, goodbye Maryland!"

Yogi the basset waddled by, and Gaver called to him. "Yogi, c'm here! Now listen, I want to tell you something important. The sun's out and there's thousands of squirrels runnin' all over the front yard. Now I want you to go out and get yourself five squirrels." Gaver opened the door, repeated "Five!" and Yogi went off to the hunt. Gaver confided, "He never gets any, but they drive him crazy."

In a quarter of a century as Greentree's head trainer, John M. Gaver has won nearly every important race, including the Kentucky Derby (Shut Out, 1942), and he has trained the Horse of the Year twice (Capot, 1949, and Tom Fool, 1953). He has never had a Triple Crown winner, but he has brought off a more difficult feat, the Handicap Triple Crown (the Metropolitan, Brooklyn and Suburban), in which top horses go from race to race with varying amounts of lead hanging from their saddlebags. (Tom Fool carried 130, 128 and 136 pounds in winning the Handicap Triple Crown in 1953.) Only two other horses,



Greentree, the stable's best hope for the Kentucky Derby, warms around the walking ring before moving onto the training track for a morning workout, all part of his regimen.

Whisk Broom II and Kelso, have won the Handicap Triple Crown, while eight horses have won the other Triple Crown: the Derby, Preakness and Belmont. Last year Greentree's fortunes took a dip, but that is the game, and Gaver has high hopes for the colts now in his stable. In 1963 Greentree won \$947,544, second only to Rex Ellsworth for national high. And even last year, when Gaver's horses took in a mere \$371,801, Greentree won 47 out of 160 races for a batting average of .293, highest of any major stable and an interesting contrast to the record of Audley Farms (owner, James Edwards), which won 250 races but entered 1,721. Gaver plays to win, and he does not enter a horse in a race unless he has reached his peak of training fitness. "In the first place," says Gaver, with the independence of a man who works for the Whitneys, "I don't give a damn what they say about me. Greentree Stable and Mr. Widener's stable are the ones that sort of set the tone of American racing, whether their horses are any good or not. Training for Greentree, you're always a kind of sitting duck for others. A lot of 'em say I'm not enough of a good-time Charlie, because I don't talk a whole lot and I don't get around much. And, of course, they're always pointing out that I'm not a race-tracker by birth.

"But I don't think I'm hard on horses. I know I have that reputation, and it's true that I'll work a horse when I think he needs to be worked to bring out the best that's in him. Jock Whitney and his sister [Mrs. Charles Shipman Payson, co-owner of Greentree] want their horses to give everything they're capable of giving, without, of course, having some rider sit there and cut the blood out of 'em. Their mother, Mrs. Whitney, she wanted the same thing when I trained for her. I guess my own attitude came from old man Jimmy Rowe. He trained for Mrs. Whitney, and he just loved to pop a horse out of the box the first time and win with 'im. He won the Kentucky Derby with Regret [for Harry Payne Whitney] and that was her first start of the year. That's conditioning! And, of course, he had the reputation of being hard on horses. My own reputation may come from the fact that people



Trainer John Gaver and son John Jr. discuss the stable's track schedule as Yogi the beagle band leader eye out for the squarrels he is sworn to kill but cannot catch

know I was a worshiper of old man Rowe and his methods. I work 'em hard, but I give 'em plenty of time. You take Groton, our best 3-year-old. Before he breezes he'll have been galloping for two solid months here at Aiken, to get a good foundation under him. Seven days a week for two months, starting with a quarter-mile gallop and now up to a pair of one-mile gallops every morning. That's a lot of work, but he's been conditioned for it."

Two years ago Gaver brought No Robbery to such a degree of fitness that the colt turned in the fastest mile ever run by a 3-year-old in New York and a few days later had to be worked a fast six furlongs to keep him from breaking down his stall. "Mr. Gaver is a tradi-

tionalist," says a Florida racing official, "and when you're a traditionalist and you have a good horse you test him. You don't tip-toe around and play patty-cake with him, and if he can stand his training and show it to you, then you've got a crack at a classic horse. John Gaver won't run a horse unless it's absolutely fit; that's why his batting average is one of the highest in the business. And he won't run a short horse in an important race, which a lot of young trainers will do. He is the classic trainer looking for the classic horse. That's why he takes most of his horses to winter quarters, in the traditional way, while most stables are racing their horses right through the winter, picking up a buck here and there."

continued

It may come as a surprise to those who sneak down to Sam's Candy Store to bet the top horse in the eighth at Shenandoah Downs, but the Thoroughbred is a true athlete, complete with trick muscles, tender ligaments, tendencies to stiffness, bad habits, good habits and enough fragilities to make a human quarter-miler, by comparison, look like a dull machine. This tall stack of equine question marks comes to John Gaver as a yearling and stays on, hopefully, as a mature athlete capable of finding his way from starting gate to finish line in the shortest possible time without wandering all over the track, bearing out at the turns, tripping other horses, throwing the jockey or committing the thousand other natural infirmities that seem instinctive to horseshell. Some can never learn, and others flatly refuse. "Once in a while you get one that's too cunning," Gaver said. "He finds out quickly that racing is hard work, and he decides not to put out, especially over a distance. Once I suggested a race that would have solved that problem. There was this great to-do about distance racing, and Mr. Whitney had just given a trophy saying 'From a friend of distance racing' on it. I was talking to a racing secretary and I said no horse wants to run a mile and a half or two miles. Would you want to run that far if you were a horse? So I said, 'If you'll put on a race 3/16ths of a mile up the Widener Chase, I'll give a trophy that says 'From a foe of distance racing.' I might have been prejudiced, because I had Devil Diver at that time, and he didn't like distance races. His top distance was a mile and a quarter. He did win the Manhattan Handicap at a mile and a half, but that was only because Mrs. Payne Whitney was dying and we knew she wouldn't live for more than one more day or so and this would probably be the last race she would ever have a horse in. So I put Ancaro on the horse, and I told him before the race, 'Eddie, you're gonna have a tough time getting this horse to go a mile and a half, so try to set the pace slow.' Eddie set the pace so damned slow, he went the first mile in 1:45, or something like that, and any horse can trot that fast. But all these

other jockeys were taking back, waiting for Devil Diver to move, and by the time Eddie turned him loose he had as much left as all those other horses that had been strangled for a mile, and so he won it.

"But you have some horses that'll just flat out refuse to go any distance with any speed. What can you do with a horse like that? You can get rid of him!"

Other horses respond beautifully to training and then end their racing careers on a split-second whim. John Hertz, who had to retire Count Fleet after he won the Triple Crown, was moved to observe sadly, "A racehorse is the world's most perishable merchandise. One minute you have the best horse in the world. Then a fly can alight on his leg, and the next minute you have no horse at all because he has kicked a hole in his leg chasing the fly." Sometimes it seems to John Gaver that there is no end to the variety of problems. "You even have to be careful which horse you work a horse with," Gaver said. "One horse will break another's heart in workouts, and that's why you can't work a superior horse with an inferior horse over and over, or else the slower horse won't want to do anything at all. He'll turn out to be a sulker, and you'll have a hell of a time getting him to win any kind of a race.

"Then we have horses that are scared to death of the starting gate. They'll sniff around it and bite on it for days and still be afraid to go in. If they keep on refusing, we just put 'em in anyway, and then some of 'em'll try to tear it down. And then you have other horses that'll walk right in the gate on the very first day like they helped make the damned thing.

"Certain horses become stall walkers from nervousness, they walk around that stall and keep on walking. And others are weavers; they keep going from side to side in the stall. Some trainers put bales of hay in the stall to break up their walk routine, or hang old tires from the roof. Thank God, I don't have any stall walkers or weavers right now. Sometimes you have to get a goat to calm nervous horses down. But the last thing on earth I want is a horse that

needs a goat in his stall. Then the goat becomes more trouble than the horse. I'll try anything before I try a goat, even cut a hole in the stall so the horse can see his neighbor. Sometimes if he knows there's something next to him he'll stop that foolishness."

It also falls to Gaver to tell at a glance whether a horse is feeling under the weather, a task that is attempted with much less skill by thousands of punters daily. "I suppose it's mostly a matter of familiarity with the horse," Gaver said. "You have to know what he's supposed to look like. If a horse like Kelso came on the track looking as big as an elephant and as fat as a hog, you'd know he wasn't fit. A horse like Nashua was a great big horse, and if he came out and all his ribs were showing you'd know he wasn't fit. These are the extremes. You look to see how the horse acts, if he has life in him. If he's a horse that usually plays around and he's not showing any life to him, you would say he's not feeling right. Or maybe he's left some of his feed. That might show he's getting too much work or he's getting nervous. Maybe his coat doesn't look right, it's getting kinda dull and spare. Or he's lost the brightness in his eyes. Conditioning horses is no exact science. I'll tell you that.

"Take The Rhymers, a horse we had some years ago. The Rhymers was about the most nervous horse I've ever been around for just pure shaking and trembling and sweating. A horse like that catches on when he goes to the paddock that he's gonna be racing that day, and it makes him all the more nervous. So as part of his training you take him to the paddock on days when he's not racing, to get him used to it. So all year we took The Rhymers back to the stable by way of the paddock and let him fool around there and stop awhile. Then we'd saddle him up and take him home. On the day of the Widener we took him into the paddock for the race, and he was worse than he ever was. He was shaking so hard we could hardly get the saddle on him and water was just pouring off him. I walked away in disgust. I thought, 'Well, all the time we've put in on this son of a gun.' So all he did

continued

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PICKLES, HOSSES *continued*

is go out and win the race." The Rhym-er, a field horse, paid \$32 80, and Gaver walked off with a \$5,000 bonus for saddling the winner.

Pickles the groom wound himself around the wooden chair and addressed himself to the philosophy of training. "In trainin' you have to do things to racehorses that are terrible," he observed, by way of prologue. "You—arrow, arrow—you wouldn't take a child away from its mother, away from the environment where it was born, change its diet, change its whole procedure of life, *change* just like that and start putting him through a whole physical training program. If you did that to a child, why..." Pickles halted, unable to conjure up such a horror. "And all this happens to a hoss when he's only 14, 15 months old. And then he does one thing wrong, and we say what a dumb son of a bitch he is."

"Or you break your heart trainin' a hoss, and then all of a sudden he's being destroyed! I remember Thangumaboh, he won the Arlington Futurity as a 2-year-old, and then he came back and broke his leg at Saratoga and we had to destroy him." Pickles rocked back and forth in the chair, his hands on his ears. "Thangumaboh was a hell of a hoss," he said reverently. "All them hell of a hosses, they always dies young."

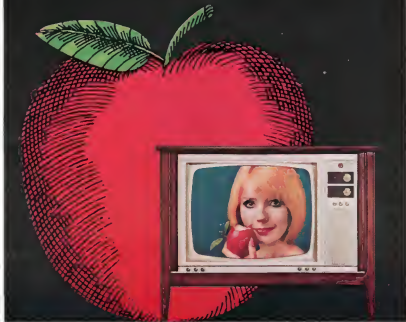
"Well, you got to have a hole in your head to be a hossman, anyway. You go against all the laws of nature. You feed the hoss before you feed yo'self, take care of the hoss before you take care of yo'self, protect the hoss instead of protectin' yo'self. And I don't mean just because they're worth a lot of money. No sir! If you start takin' care of hosses dependin' on how much they're worth, you're not trainin' some of 'em fair. Course, you do tend to lean toward the good hosses because they train harder and they give you more problems. You crank up a good hoss and he's gone, and when he gives he gives everything."

"When we get a hoss like that around Greentree we all holds our breath. Our man's better when he loses than when he wins. More people get bowled out when

continued

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he has a winner. See, when he gets beaten, he still has that image of dignity and good sportsmanship to keep up. That's Greentree. But when he wins he doesn't have to do that. And again, when you win around here, you've just taken another step toward sumpin' else. Let a young hoss win a few times and our man — arraw, arraw — he begins to smell these roses. He begins to see that classic hoss comin' 'round the bend. From then on it's, 'Uh oh, watch it!' 'Don't turn him there!' 'Don't turn him too sharp!' 'Oh, my God, don't get that water in his eyes!' 'Pickles, come here and watch this hoss!'

"Now, this can cause some problems. You take a hoss like Groton. Everybody knows the boss is interested in this hoss, and so is *her* boss, so when Groton comes back from a work who comes runnin' up to take care of him? The greenest man in the stable! The guys you'd like to take and hide around the corner of the barn so the boss won't see 'em! Those lazy

no-accounts, they're out there 'tending to that hoss because they know they'll be seen. So I have to go over and I have to tell 'em, 'Now don't you touch that hoss! You go over there and sit down!' And then I'm a mean, contemptible son of a bitch."

One has to spend only a few hours around Greentree to realize that Groton, a big bay son of Nashua, is the stable's choice at the moment. He was the last horse to beat the Kentucky Derby winter favorite, Bold Lad, running away from the Wheatley colt in a race when both were green and 2. Groton won his only other start of 1964 and was sent on a prolonged vacation to the farm in Kentucky for rest, rehabilitation and the relief of a pair of bucked shins. "He got his name from Mr. Whitney's alma mater, which is near the Nashua River," John Gaver said. "There's a

strong family resemblance to Nashua and a good deal of the same color. Groton has that long flowing tail because we don't saw their tails off to give 'em an English look; we figure the good Lord gave 'em those tails to knock flies off and the more tail the better." Gaver strolled to Groton's stall, tapped the horse on the nose and said, "Saint Mark's," whereupon Groton stuck out his tongue. "You can understand why he'd do that," said a pleased Gaver. "Saint Mark's and Groton are big school rivals. We have another horse here named O'Hara, after the miler, and he sticks his tongue out when you say 'Burleson.'"

"The trouble with Groton is he runs like a snake," Gaver went on. "He's all over the track, and he kicks himself in the ankles. That's why we turned him out to graze in Kentucky. We've entered him in the Derby, but I doubt if he'll be seasoned enough and educated enough for a race like that. He's got to have an

continued

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PICKLES, HOSSES *continues*

awful lot of training. God knows how
fast he is. He won his race against Bold
Lad by a length and a half, and he was
fooling around the whole race. Once he
ducked out and almost threw John Rotz
right out of the saddle. Most of the time
he looked like he was running sideways."

Gaver has made two other Greentree
horses eligible for the Derby, though
both are problems and may not be ready.
New Act, a son of What's New, suf-
fered last season from skirt craziness,
was gelded and now is an unknown quan-
tity. Said John M. (Jack) Gaver Jr., son
of the trainer and a Greentree assistant
trainer himself, "All New Act had on his
mind last year was girls, so to speak.
Fillies and mares and ponies. He won
the Flash up at Saratoga, and then he
started getting to where he wouldn't do
anything but moon about the fillies. We
hope he's improved now that he's gelded.
But he's still an awful fidgety horse on
the racetrack. He's O.K. in the stall, but
he always kicks and jumps up and down
on the track. That comes from his moth-
er. She never walked a day in her life,
always moving at top speed."

Greentree's third Derby possible is
O'Hara, a slant-eyed half brother of
Outing Class and son of Bullymoss and
Track Medal. "He did pretty well in
three races last year," Gaver Sr. recalled,
"but then he hucked his shins, and we
stopped him for the season. His problem
is he has the lowest I.Q. of any horse.
There isn't a horse college in the world
you could get him in. He has all the abil-
ity in the world—he's a big wild-runnin'
animal—but he can't learn a damned
thing. After running four times he was
the same as before his first race. He
weaves. He wheels. If a horse is on the in-
side of him, he turns to look at him. And
if there's a horse on the outside, he's try-
ing to push him out of the way. Instead
of getting his head down and leveling off
his run, he's got his head up in the air like
a catcher going after a foul fly. And he's
got a whole lot of extra tracks, like un-
loading the exercise boy every now and
then. The very first time we ran him he
got right out in front of the grandstand,
put in one flip and threw Rotz right on
his butt. Then he trotted off down the
track as though he was in his right mind."

The bread-and-butter horse of the
Greentree Stable remains, for the mo-
ment, the injury-prone 4-year-old Mali-
cious, winner of \$100,000 as a 2-year-old
and owner of a name that matches his
personality perfectly. "He's got to be our
best horse," Gaver said, "but I wish he
could get over some of his problems.
He'll run all over hell and half of Texas,
and he won't make the turns. He beat
Quadrangle once last year, and he had
him beaten another time in the Dwyer,
when he started bearing out. And he
has a bad knee that keeps swelling up
on him every season."

Malicious is a chestnut, blocky but
not big, like an average-size man who
lifts weights. Young Jack Gaver, a ruddy
horseman who is also blocky but not
big, described him: "He's out to beat
everybody in everything, whether it's the
groom or the trainer or another horse.
He's a boss horse. He was that way in
the Jim Dandy when he beat Quadrangle.
He just wouldn't be beaten. He wants to
fight all the time. People say isn't he a
nice horse underneath it all. And I say,
no, he's a mean horse underneath it all.
If you don't watch him all the time he'll
try to bite you and slap at you. Listen to
him now." It was 3:55 in the afternoon,
five minutes before feeding time, and a
steady din came from Malicious' stall.
"He's banging up against the screen be-
cause he knows it's feeding time. He
does that every day. He never gives that
groom any rest till he gets his tub."

"How do you handle a training prob-
lem like that?" somebody asked Gaver
père.

"How do you handle it?" said the eld-
er Gaver. "Why, you feed him!"

Oh, don't you worry 'bout dat," Pick-
les the groom was telling a friend.
"There'll be another classic hoss comin'
along any day now, might be out in one
of those stalls right now. Anything else
is just markin' time. We're always look-
in' for another Tom Fool, a Shut Out,
a Devil Diver, a hoss like Capot. Capot
was one of our hosses of the years. He was
at the same time as Olympia—that's a
sprinter that could outrun a quarter hoss
at a quarter of a mile, and he did it once.

continued



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too. Well, Capot used to love to get right on Olympia"—Pickles held his long, bony hands straight out, parallel and almost touching to show how close Capot would stay to Olympia—"and not only Olympia but all those other speed hosses, and Capot he'd stay there till he broke their hearts. He did that twice with Coaltown, beat 'em twice in one year by stay-in' right with 'em, and he did it to another fast hoss named Noble Impulse. He'd lay right on 'em and stay there till sumpin' went bust. Typical Greentree hoss,

"This Greentree, it has its faults like any other place. But after a few years you get used to it. One minute you're important around here and you got to do ever' thing, *ever' thing*. The next minute you can't even lead a hoss, you're too stupid to lead a hoss without a million dollars' worth of supervision. You're goin' from a drive to a pull all the time. One minute there's nothin' to do, the next minute you ain't got enough hands to do it.

"But I'll tell you one thing 'bout this place. You better not be around here if you don't like hosses. Our man, he talks sweeter to hosses 'n he does to people. He has more patience and understanding toward hosses—and cats and dogs and owls, for that matter—than a old-lady schoolteacher. He believes in Thor-

oughbreds, in top stock. He'd be the first person to admit that hosses as a class is dumb." A smile shone from the depths of Pickles' eyes. "But dumb or not, hosses are nice and hosses are interstin', and they can surprise you once in a while. They're so finely bred. Mighty few people are bred like a hoss."

"Kings, maybe?" he was asked.

"I doubt if even kings are. What king could you trace both top and bottom lines as close as you can the cheapest racehoss? And comin' out of that long breedin' is instint, sumpin' deeper than thought, bred right into them. Like you see a hoss break his leg and keep right on runnin', with the leg danglin', still tryin' to win that race. Why? Because that's what he's bred to do.

"Yes, sir, you got to admire them, stupid or not, ornery or not. You got to like 'em. People asks me do I like bein' around hosses all the time. So I tell 'em that the ugliest job here is shakin' out stalls in the mornin'. Men don't like it, shovelin' all the manure out and cleanin' up. Why, I actually *like* that."

In the afternoon it snowed lightly in Aiken, and when the grooms fed the horses at 4, they pulled the stall doors shut to ward off the cold. Just before nightfall the final flake fell and the sun popped out for the last few minutes of

the day, enabling Top Cat to resume his vigil at the mole hole. John Gaver and his son and a few others finished their afternoon huddle in the office and wandered off, and Pickles came scuttling around the end of the shed row, looking at the sky and executing a little therapeutic dance step. "This is the place to be," he said in his raspy baritone as he made a bedline for the now empty office and the undersized wooden chair in the corner. "And I believe in this place. I know I'm resented around the racetrack a whole lot because I believe in my owners and I believe in our man. If anybody says anything wrong about him it ought to be me. If anybody else says anything about him I get mad. I don't allow 'em to do it. Our man is the same about us. He don't let anybody talk about us. That's Greentree." Pickles turned the stove up a bit and resumed his attack on the chair. "Success is a funny thing," he intoned. "Now, both my parents were schoolteachers and they made me go through high school, and they wanted me to go to college. But you know where I'd be if I went to college? I'd be sittin' right here. I'd be—*arraw, arraw*—a hoss rubbish with a B.A." Pickles the groom leaned far back, his long legs spilling over the sides of the chair, and almost fell off with contentment. END



With their eyes as hot as up and their groans in attendance, the line of Greentree horses moves through the vast and hilly of a Carolina down toward the track, where John Gaver awaits them.



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Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE TOURNAMENTS

Despite Michigan's presence as the favorite, the NCAA tournament was full of hopeful challengers for the national championship (page 24). Defending champion UCLA, Oklahoma State and St. Joseph's were most likely to join the Wolverines in Portland, Ore. for the semifinals.

New York's NIT, meanwhile, had an impressive 14-team field for the tournament that begins Thursday in Madison Square Garden. If there was a favorite it was Villanova (21-4), seeded No. 1 ahead of New Mexico (19-7), but almost everybody else had a chance to win. The first-round pairings: Thursday—Texas Western (17-8) vs. Manhattan (12-8) and Boston College (21-6) vs. St. John's (17-8), Saturday—Western Kentucky (17-8) vs. Fordham (15-11), Army (15-7) vs. St. Louis (18-8), Detroit (19-7) vs. La Salle (15-7) and Bradley (18-8) vs. NYU (14-8).

The small colleges, too, were poised for championship tournaments. Thirty-two teams were in Kansas City for six days of play that will decide the NAIA title, while the NCAA college division, down to eight teams after regional playoffs, was ready for the showdown in Evansville, Ind. The survivors: Evansville (26-9), Philadelphia Textile (24-3), St. Michael's of Vermont (19-5), North Dakota (24-4), Akron (20-6), Southern Illinois (18-5), Washington of St. Louis (18-5) and Seattle Pacific (22-6).

THE EAST

THE TOP THREE: 1. ST. JOSEPH'S (20-0)
2. VILLANOVA (21-4) 3. PRINCETON (20-0)

It was like old times in New York's Madison Square Garden last week as 18,178 jammed the place to watch the city's Big Four in a doubleheader. FORDHAM, the hottest team in town, went off a slick passing and shooting Manhattan bunch with the same aggressive 2-3 zone defense that had brought it nine wins in its last 11 games, and that stopped the Jaspers. Len Zandy flipped in three points with 17 seconds to go to win for the Rams 67-65. St. John's, eight points behind NYU with 15 minutes to play, got its lift from Kenny McIntyre. He poured in 24 points in the second half, six in a row at the end, and the Redmen won 70-66.

The East's other tournament teams were also busy sharpening their games. ST. JOSEPH'S beat St. Bonaventure 95-87; VILLANOVA routed Seton Hall 84-63 and then sneaked past Marquette 73-69; PROVIDENCE swamped Massachusetts 102-75 and Brown 90-65; PRINCE GEORGES completed its best season ever by defeating Rutgers 88-75;

BOSTON COLLEGE outlasted Northeastern's slowdown 56-51 and then outman Holy Cross 111-89; CONNECTICUT rolled over Colgate 101-66 and Rhode Island 88-73 for its 15th straight; PRINCETON's Ivy League champions beat Penn 81-71.

THE SOUTH

THE TOP THREE: 1. VANDERBILT (20-0)
2. N. CAROLINA STATE (20-4) 3. DAYTON (24-0)

NORTH CAROLINA STATE'S Pross Maravich, by nature an effusive man, was nearly delirious with joy after his team, which finished second in the regular season, upset first-place Duke 91-85 in the Atlantic Coast tournament final at Raleigh. He was especially happy with Larry Worsley, a lanky 6-foot-5 junior who came off the bench to shoot the Blue Devils silly. Duke tried to stop him with a boy-and-one, a 1-3-1 zone and even a pressure man-to-man, but Worsley, whirling skillfully away from his tormentors, scored 30 points. How would Maravich describe his team? "Dobre, dobre," he said in his best Serbian English translation: "Excellent, excellent."

VANDERBILT was home free in the Southeastern after FLORIDA upset Tennessee 58-56. Vandy simply throttled Auburn 79-64 and Tulane 85-62 to win the title.

THE MIDWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. MICHIGAN (21-0)
2. MINNESOTA (20-6) 3. ILLINOIS (21-0)

For a long time MICHIGAN had to be satisfied with an occasional piece of the Big Ten championship. Last week the showy Wolverines got it all for the first time in 17 years. But it was not easy. Minnesota kept coming at them relentlessly and even led by five points with 6½ minutes to go. It took a typical Michigan rally—big shots by Bill Buntin, Cezne Russell and Oliver Darden—to fight off the second-place Gophers 88-85. "That was no place for a craven kid today," gushed Coach Dave Strack. "I'm just exuberant."

Some folks think that OKLAHOMA STATE's patient Hank Iba invented deliberate basketball. If he did not, he must surely know more about how to play it than any other coach. Last Saturday he carefully disciplined Cowboys took only 37 shots against Kansas and made 20 of them and it earned Oklahoma State a 64-58 victory over the Jayhawks for Iba's first Big Eight title.

WICHITA STATE'S Missouri Valley champions played a control game, too, but more out of fear than anything else. The Shockers are just reluctant to trade shots with anyone these days. They got past Tulsa 59-48

and Drake 76-64 in overtime, but in between LOUISVILLE caught Wichita with its defenses lagging and beat the Shockers 79-70. It could be that BRADLEY is now the best team in the conference. Ernie Thompson's 25 points led the Braves on a 62', shooting tear as they edged St. Louis 94-91 in overtime to tie the Bulls for second place.

OHIO V routed Toledo 87-61 to tie Miami of Ohio for the Mid-American championship.

THE SOUTHWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. OKLAHOMA CITY (20-0)
2. HOUSTON (20-7) 3. TEXAS TECH (21-4)

Given a rare chance when Texas Tech, an unyielding leader for most of the season, withdrew from championship consideration after discovering that one of its players was ineligible, runner-up SMU had the Southwest Conference title at its grasp last week and then almost blew it. The jittery Ponies lost to TEXAS A&M 94-81 but recovered in time to beat Arkansas 88-75. TEXAS, meanwhile, took TCU 84-63 and Baylor 79-75 to finish in a tie with SMU for the "official" championship.

TEXAS TECH, despite its misfortune, went on to beat Arkansas 87-80 and Texas A&M 98-73 for a 12-2 league record. But all it got the frustrated Raiders was some hometown sympathy and a \$300 trophy, presented to them by students and fans "for their fighting spirit." It was nice, but Tech's crestfallen players would have preferred the conference title.

THE WEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. UCLA (21-0)
2. BRIGHAM YOUNG (20-6) 3. SAN FRANCISCO (20-4)

Western teams who infiltrated the jammed Los Angeles Sports Arena last weekend to watch UCLA's first-time zone press at work came away disappointed. Not once did Coach Johnny Wooden employ his favorite weapon. Without it, the Bruins bumbled their way past USC 77-71 Friday night before 14,571—the largest crowd ever to watch a college game in Los Angeles—then barely beat the Trojans 52-50 Saturday on Gail Goodrich's jump shot in the closing minutes. But Wooden was satisfied. "I just didn't want to give anyone the opportunity to personally analyze our press," he explained.

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S Stan Watts, who normally regards defense as a form of passive resistance, played it even looser than usual against New Mexico. He threw big men just jammed the middle while his guards got on their marks for the break. It worked beautifully and BYU beat the Lobos 70-67. But the Cougars had already clinched the Western AC title the night before, smothering Wyoming 102-87, while UTAH was upsetting New Mexico 78-76 at Salt Lake City.

SAN FRANCISCO, warping up for the NCAA regional at Provo, trounced Pepperdine 108-76 and Loyola of Los Angeles 100-72.

END

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

FABULOUS FANS

Sirs:

My hearty congratulations to William Leggett for that masterpiece, *The Rise and Fall of the Fabulous Phillies* (March 1). I would like to take this opportunity to remind Phillies fans to get their World Series tickets early, because the same thing won't happen twice.

ANDREW C. CRAIG

Allentown, Pa.

Sirs:

Fabulous they were and fabulous they are.

KENNETH YOUNG

Havertown, Pa.

Sirs:

When are you going to stop worrying about how the Phillies lost the pennant and start writing about how the Cardinals won it? After all, they only came from 11 games back on August 21 to reach the top in a thrilling finish on the last day of the season. They only won the World Series. They only had the best infield in the league, the best manager, the best general manager and fans who loyally waited 18 years for the pennant.

RICHARD JONES

Kirkwood, Mo.

Sirs:

I think you tended to underemphasize the role of Gene Mauch in both the rise and the complete collapse of the team in 1964. Mauch, with his controversial moves, led the team to many exciting victories for most of the year. However, as Joe Neschall suggested in your article, the Little General pushed the panic button after the second loss to Cincinnati. He promptly began to use Bunning and Short with just two days rest, and they lost their effectiveness. If Mauch had left his pitching staff alone those last two weeks, I am quite sure the pennant would be flying from Connie Mack Stadium instead of in St. Louis.

This point was proved the last two days of the season, when Bunning and Short, with their normal rest, both pitched well and won.

HAROLD STILES

Audubon, N.J.

VIRGINIA'S GENTS

Sirs:

Congratulations for the well-deserved article on Lennie Wirtz, the basketball official (*Lenny Pal on the Road Run*, March 1). It is a fine tribute to refs everywhere.

BURT SKIVERSKY

Springfield, Mass.

Sirs:

In the article on Lennie Wirtz, Bill Gilbert made several unfavorable remarks about U. of Virginia students that need to be refuted. True, we are considered to offer the most ardent student support in the Atlantic Coast Conference, and we're proud of it. But to say we would spit on an opposing player to rattle him is absurd.

BURNE BROWN

Charlottesville, Va.

Sirs:

It is true that in the past unpopular and/or questionable decisions by referees at University of Virginia home basketball games have been met with an unsportsmanlike shower of refuse. This, however, is no longer the case. When Bill Gibson was acquired as coach, a new attitude toward basketball was acquired as well. U. Va.'s Memorial Gymnasium may still be considered a snake pit, but the only fans opponents need worry about are emotional ones. U. Va. crowds may still be boisterous, but they are no longer obnoxious.

MONTH BECKLEY

DAVID DAVIDSON

ELDER WEAVER

Charlottesville, Va.

LOGOTOMY

Sirs:

My thanks to Frank Deford for a fine article on the New Mexico Lobos and the Western Athletic Conference as a whole (*The Fine Inevitable Obsolete Sins of Life*, Feb. 22). I've been wondering when someone would finally realize that basketball is played out here!

RICHARD GILES

Albuquerque

Sirs:

It is enlightening to learn of the great improvement of the Western Athletic Conference. New Mexico certainly deserves to be rated as one of the finer teams in the nation. But the statement that "the entire Western Athletic Conference . . . is playing basketball" is at least the equal of any in the country" is a gross exaggeration. Their interconference edge does not prove much, for they have not played the best from other conferences. The Missouri Valley Conference holds an edge over the WAC, and still has one of its weakest groups of teams in many years.

All the facts point to the Big Ten as the most powerful conference to emerge in a long time. Despite some weaker teams, it contains five of the top teams in the country—Michigan, Indiana, Minnesota, Illinois

and Iowa. If these teams entered the WAC, New Mexico and Brigham Young would have to struggle for fourth or fifth place and might finish as far down as sixth and seventh.

These Big Ten teams have received little attention from your magazine, although they are undoubtedly the most exciting to watch and have some very special characteristics: Indiana's press, Michigan's power off the boards, Illinois' shooting and Minnesota's rebounding and fast break. And there is no conference that could come close to assembling the kind of team these five could put together. Centers: Bill Buntin and Skip Thoren (probably the best all-round center in the nation). Forwards: Lou Hudson, the Van Arsdale, Don Freeman, Chris Poirall, Guards: Tal Brody, Carre Russell, Jon McGlockle, Don Yates, Archie Clark.

DAVID TAO

St. Louis

OF ALL PLACES

Sirs:

Asentive Montanans were pleased that you mentioned Duke's Mike Lewis as one of the outstanding young freshmen in college basketball (*Basketball's Witz*, March 1). However, we were quite displeased by your snide remark that Mike is from "of all places, Missoula, Mont." May we point out that Montana (of all places) has produced many outstanding athletes? To name a few: the late Wayne Euse, Benny Reynolds (champion rodeo star), Gene Davis (Oklahoma State's outstanding wrestler), Doug Brown (distance runner) and Dave McNally of the Baltimore Orioles.

We could name more, but we hope that by now you may have gotten the point about Montana.

JIM BEALEY

JOHN EWING

JACK BOLLINGER

Missoula, Mont.

ROUNDHOUSE

Sirs:

It is always so careful to name the authors, photographers and illustrators of its articles and to identify owners, managers, coaches and trainers that I was surprised to see that it did not name the architects of the round hunting lodge in West Fairlee, Vt. pictured on pages 26 and 27 of your March 1st issue.

This handsome and successful building was designed by the firm of E.H. and M.K. Hunter of Hanover, N.H. E.H. is Ted Hunter, Dartmouth and Olympic skier of the late '30s. M.K. is his wife, Peg.

JOHN R. SCOTTS JR.

Hanover, N.H.

continued

HOLE TRUTH

Sirs:

Congratulations to Dan Jenkins. I send fan letters about as often as I get divorcees, but certainly his vivid and vibrant *First 18 in America* (Feb. 15 and 22) deserves three rousing hurrahs.

I suspect that other ink-stained slaves may have envied that plush assignment and given Dan the business about it, but I am sure it wasn't easy to establish the glittering differences. Most writers, after the fifth hole, would have reduced the rest to the monotony of a litany on gopher holes. But Jenkins is neither hack nor hucker and can handle a Royal expertly, whether it be typewriter or golf ball. Myself, I bob and curtsy before both shins, but know only enough about either to recognize professional polish when I see it.

THE REV. JOSEPH E. MANTON

Boston

Sirs:

You could have made a better choice for the 16th hole than the 405 yard, par-4 hole at Oaklawn Hills. Admittedly, it has its good points. However, I feel that the 16th hole at the Firestone Country Club in Akron, Ohio, which is a 625-yard, par-5 hole is more difficult. It is termed "The Monster" by most of the golfers on the tour. Aside from being the longest hole in golf, the fairways are quite narrow, guarded by convenient fairway bunkers, and there is a large pond in front of the green.

BILL STRIDER

Waterville, Me.

Sirs:

My name is Tommy Havens and I am 10 years old and I live in the house on 2328 Club Road that gets all the golf balls from Scioto Country Club No. 2. My Dad makes me cut the grass and I always find about 10 golf balls every week. I love it because I can sell all the balls.

This year I am in the fifth grade at Columbus Academy School, which is where all the rich kids from Columbus Country Club go. It is an integrated school because they let some of us poor kids from Scioto Country Club go, too. As your magazine says, Columbus Country Club is more wealthy and aristocratic than Scioto. I know this is true because I can sell all my balls to the rich kids for 50¢ each. My Dad and his Scioto friends will only give me 10¢ each.

TOMMY HAVENS

Columbus, Ohio

CARER

Sirs:

Big Julie Isaacson certainly makes for interesting reading (*The Mouth and the Milt*, March 1), but I gather that Author Tex Maule was not overimpressed with the ac-

curacy of Julie's testimony. In case Julie ever mentions his baseball career to Tex again, here are some facts about it:

1943: signed and released by Wellsville without playing in a game

1945: signed and released by Hornell without playing in a game

1948: signed and released by Miami Beach without playing in a game

1948: signed and released by Peekskill without playing in a game

I know about this because I checked with one of those statistics-happy sports fans who likes to look up the records of "former professional ballplayers."

PETER SANDS

New York

BILLY POSTSEASON

Sirs:

I am constantly irritated by criticism of the way as which the ACC determines its basketball champion and representative to the NCAA playoffs. Your comment in *BASKETBALL'S WEEK* (Feb. 22) that "Duke must still win its soft postseason league tournament to get to the NCAA tournament" prompted this letter. There are many reasons why the ACC method meets my approval. But perhaps the best defense of the ACC system is the fact that it works. Of the 11 seasons in which the tournament has been used, the top-ranked team has won seven times. Once the second-ranked team won, and three times the fourth team was victorious. A second division team has never won. In the past eight years the ACC champion, as selected under this system, has claimed first and second places once and third twice in the NCAA playoffs, a record not to be belittled.

BILLY DUNLAP

Durham, N.C.

Sirs:

It certainly is silly for the notion's eighth-ranked team to have to prove again its merit for an already well-earned berth in the NCAA championship. If, for obvious monetary reasons, the various postseason conference tournaments continue to be held, the regular-season conference-championship teams should have the opportunity to play the winner of the postseason tournament, should they be upset in the tournament. Take Davidson College, currently ranked seventh in the country and 23-1 in regular-season play—they won their regular-season conference title without a single loss, but they were upset and eliminated from a berth in the NCAA tournament by West Virginia 74-72 in the postseason Southern Conference tournament. The upset was by a team that Davidson had already defeated twice in regular-season play and whose seasonal record was a very poor 11-14. This method of selection simply is not logical.

RAY H. TAYLOR JR.

Atlanta

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Cricket Made Easy, or At Least Possible



Expert Gertrude Jacobs films what may be loosely called 'the action' at the Staten Island Cricket Club in New York, scene of much of the cricket played in this country **by BARBARA LA FONTAINE**

Miss Gertrude Jacobs does not look like a demon on the rules of sport. An ample woman in her middle years, with brown hair going haphazardly gray, she looks like Aunt Alice back home. And talks a little like her, too, breathlessly, elliptically, blue eyes regarding you through blue-rimmed glasses. But Miss Jacobs is a demon on the rules of sport, a woman who goes to ball games and rapily follows the performance of the umpire, so it is no particular wonder that she should be the woman who has broken the cricket barrier. Gertrude Jacobs has subdued the game of cricket to a series of filmstrips from which anyone can come away with a grasp of essentials and with no need to blanch even if a conversation turns to the ghastly question of leg before wicket.

The Peace Corps put her up to it. The Corps reasoned that closer relations would be possible with the peoples of former British possessions if its members could at least look at a cricket match intelligently. But cricket is not Parcheesi,

with the rules set down on the inside of the top of the box. The rules did not seem to be set down anywhere in a form intelligible to Americans, and cricketers were relatively few.

Miss Jacobs has an office at International House, which is a residence, a club, a social and study base for foreign students in the U.S. doing graduate work, and there the Peace Corps found her. She runs the Audio-Visual Workshop, taping languages and accumulating a picture and film library. But apart from this work at International House she operates, singlehanded, a thing called the School Film Service, and one of the School Film Service's services is the making of filmstrips on game rules.

Her strips on baseball have been turned from film into books, have been translated into Japanese and will soon be put into Spanish. She has done basketball, softball, hockey, badminton, field hockey and Little League rules. "In cricket I found I had no place to begin because I had no vocabulary,"

Miss Jacobs said. "I would read, 'If you have an Aunt Sally on your team . . . ' and I'd stop and think, now what in the world does 'Aunt Sally' mean? A player who can't do anything. I found out, and a skier—pronounced sky-er—is a fly ball. Of course, that makes sense. Well, it all makes sense, after you know.

"New York is virtually a cricketless town," Miss Jacobs said sadly. "I thought if anybody would know about it Abercrombie & Fitch would, so I went down there and at least got to see what a bat looked like, and they gave me a little bit of rule book. But I finally had to get the bulk of my books from England. I had seen the name of Sir Donald Bradman used with such great respect for his playing ability that I figured if he was such a good player he must have written something. So I went and looked him up in the card index, and there was a book. I tried the British and Australian consulates and the English-Speaking Union. They all knew about the book, but nobody had it, and I had to

continued

send to England. Nobody has ever read that book more carefully than I did. I cannot praise it too highly for anybody who's interested in cricket. There's never been another cricket player like him," Miss Jacobs said reverently. "Perhaps there won't be for a good long time. Now he is a broker, and I think he lives in Adelaide, Australia. No, I haven't written to him—I haven't had nerve enough to write to him."

But Miss Jacobs had resources other than Sir Donald and Abercrombie & Fitch. Her office, after all, was strategically located in a houseful of young Indians, West Indians, Scots, Australians—and she drafted them as technical experts. "They were skeptical at first," Miss Jacobs observed. "They thought it was just impossible for a beginner. One of the Indian boys, when I told him I was interested in cricket, said, 'You!' as if it were the most hopeless thing in the world."

Miss Jacobs would descend upon the students at break fast. "I'd just automatically move the salt and pepper into position for a match and say, now, here's the pitch and here's the wicket. I'd usually get about an hour of cricket a morning. I could absorb just about enough a day for a new set of questions the next day. I deliberately didn't see any games at first. When I did see one, out on Staten Island, I didn't realize it was my first match. Because I knew what they were doing. I'd been studying it so hard and so intently that changing the salt and pepper shakers to men didn't seem to make much difference."

The filmstrips that resulted from all this are clear and rather charming. Appropriate old cricket prints precede the plunge into exposition; on Strip One is a reproduction of *The Laws of the Noble Game of Cricket* from London's Marylebone Cricket Club.

"The Marylebone Cricket Club has been the central authority on the laws of cricket since 1787," Miss Jacobs said from behind the projector. "Look, that's all the rules there are. Isn't that amazing? But now there are whole books about them. You know, the rules have changed very little—sometimes there was no change for a period of a hundred years. Now here"—she was explaining another strip—"the batsman wears pads, and also the wicketkeeper. They protect everybody but the poor fielder. The umpires have worn those butcher's coats

since before the dawn of Christianity, I guess."

"Now, this is a normal field for an off-spinner. The captain has all these choices for the field, and they are only approximate. Sometimes you want them close in to the batsman, sometimes you want them way out. Now, that position is called a silly mid-on because it's silly to stand there. He's apt to get hurt. Silly mid-off means he's standing in a very bad place up there on the off side of the batter."

"There's no such thing as a good ball or bad ball, in our sense, because the batsman doesn't have to hit at it."

It is hard on an American to be told that there is no such thing as a good ball or a bad ball, that a batsman may hit at a ball or not hit at it, as he likes, that if he should hit it he may run or not, as he likes; that a captain may place his fielders almost anywhere at all. It is hard for an American to discern a game in all this anarchy.

It is there, though, and it emerges from Miss Jacobs' filmstrips if you just don't get panicky and give up at the first appearance of difficulty. "Cricket should stand on its own in this country," said Miss Jacobs warmly. "It's a good game, and a highly sophisticated one. If Americans take it up, I hope they don't change it too much. If they *do* take it up, the first thing they would do would be to put gloves on the fielders. That ball is very, very hard, and it goes very, very fast. If you try for it, you stand a chance of breaking your fingers, so what do you do, you let it go. Another thing, Americans would wear short sleeves. The British wear long sleeves and roll them up. Now why, who knows, but short sleeves would not be cricket." Miss Jacobs allowed herself this. "Instead of white trousers, creams are the thing to wear. It's such a polite game. It's a game of gentlemen."

"I've been to South America and Manchuria and Japan," Miss Jacobs said. "Now I'd like to go to Australia, to meet Sir Donald Bradman. And I'd like to go to England to see a cricket match."

Born in Dennison, Ill., Miss Jacobs began as a physical education major at the University of Wisconsin; she changed her mind and added English and comparative literature, but went to Columbia University to do graduate work in physical education. She taught it for a number of years, in high schools, colleges,

community recreation programs and various other places, including, in 1939, Yen Chang University in Peking, China.

"I thought when I went over to China that I'd have to find a good branch of a tree to cut off for a baseball bat, but I found they had beautiful equipment. And their modern dance was far superior to ours. I had only about 15 students—girls, though it was mixed for folk dancing. English folk dancing was most acceptable, because there was less physical contact—you know, ladies' chain and all that."

Miss Jacobs' first filmstrip arose out of this trip. It was a strip called *Dee Dee Chow, or Little Brother Chow*, "made about the children in my little garden in China. I was just there, in my little old tea-house, and I taught them nursery rhymes and how to count. I taught them *Ten Little Indians*, and they put it into Chinese. And I did an audacious thing," Miss Jacobs said. "I did a filmstrip on the Chinese language, Sub-ABC level," she added hastily. "I took some of the words apart, looking at them as a foreigner would; I had a beautiful calligrapher. You can almost figure out what a word means if you know all the basic pictographs."

Miss Jacobs went from China to Berkeley, Calif. to New York and South Orange, N.J. teaching physical education. Then in 1945 she decided that that was not what she wanted to do. So "I sat down in the middle of my living room floor with my shoes off—that always helps me think. I knew I didn't want to go on teaching. I wanted to do some sort of creative work, and I wanted to travel, and I wanted to meet people doing interesting things."

Miss Jacobs got up off the floor and went full time into the making of filmstrips.

In addition to further strips she has planned, the language tapes and picture collection at International House, Miss Jacobs is learning to develop her own Ektachrome film, putting the cricket strips into Hindi, taking a course at Columbia and has several other projects she is not ready to disclose.

Questioned as to how she plans and accomplishes more than, obviously, is possible, Miss Jacobs says, "I don't waste time. Things are pretty much on schedule and disciplined, which I don't like." A curious statement, but definitive of the lady. END

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